

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE

Who presented to me, on my Seventy-Second Birthday, February 27, 1879, this Chair, made from the Wood of the Village Blacksmith's Chestnut-Tree.

AM I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut-tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

February 27, 1879.

Cambridge Tribune.

TO THEOCRITUS IN WINTER.

ἑσπέρων τὰν Σικελῶν ἐς ἄλᾱ.

Id. viii. 56.

AH, leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, and the noisy street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the muse is sweet.
Still, still, the suns of summer greet
The mountain-grave of Heliké,
And shepherds still their songs repeat,
And gaze on the Sicilian sea!

What though they worship Pan no more,
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the wheat!
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat,
And gaze on the Sicilian sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, and over-fleet;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet!
And then—we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world, so must it be:
We may not linger in the heat,
And gaze on the Sicilian sea!
Master, when rain, and snow, and sleet

And northern winds are wild, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat,
And gaze on the Sicilian sea!

Macmillan's Magazine.

A. LANG.

FAST-DAY HYMN.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

O GOD, whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook!
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look.

Aid our weak steps and eyesight dim
The paths of peace to find,
And lead us all to learn of him
Who died to save mankind.

For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.

Yet pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.

Christian at Work.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

IN some respects, the intellect of the gifted man whose name furnishes the title of the present paper, was typical of the age. It was fearless and independent, accepting only that which came with well-established claims upon its credence; it was susceptible, yet capable of giving exact weight to the opinions and ideas which impinged upon its susceptibility; it was dissatisfied with the *status quo*, both in theology and politics; and, as in the case of all the best minds, it was not utterly devoid of some tinge of utopianism. To a frank and liberal nature were united deep mental culture, considerable philosophical power, imaginative endowments of no mean order, and — what is more surprising than all, perhaps, after the qualities just enumerated — a large practical ability rarely witnessed in this order of brain. Few men of our own time have combined in so eminent a degree "the useful and the beautiful" — if we may use a common phrase in this connection. Yet his name and his writings are by no means so widely known as they deserve to be. It would be unfair to the late Mr. Bagehot to apply the ordinary standards of popularity in his case; the value of such a mind is not to be measured by the amount of adulation poured upon it in the press. Nor did he at any time court popularity for its own sake. Now that he is gone, thinking men recognize a distinct loss; a gap which no other writer exactly fills; and this is, perhaps, the best of all tributes which could be paid to the memory of Walter Bagehot.

It is not my intention — even if it were within my power — to consider the claims of Mr. Bagehot upon his generation as a political economist or a political reformer and thinker; but I would say something upon the man himself, and upon his purely literary efforts. An opportunity is furnished for this, owing to the two volumes of essays by Mr. Bagehot recently published, and preceded by an admirable biographical sketch by Mr. Hutton.* This

memoir, while the sympathetic work of an attached friend, is at the same time just and discriminating. The character of its subject is set in a clear light, and he becomes by means of this sketch a visible entity in the minds of readers. While duly grateful, with Mr. Bagehot's other friends, for the fine tributes paid to his financial sagacity by the chancellor of the exchequer, Lord Granville, and others, Mr. Hutton says: —

I have sometimes felt somewhat unreasonably vexed that those who appreciated so well what I may almost call the smallest part of him appeared to know so little of the essence of him, of the high-spirited, buoyant, subtle, speculative nature in which the imaginative qualities were even more remarkable than the judgment, and were, indeed, at the root of all that was strongest in the judgment, of the gay and dashing humor which was the life of every conversation in which he joined, and of the visionary nature to which the commonest things often seemed the most marvellous, and the marvellous things the most intrinsically probable.

There is a class of persons upon whom the mere words "political economy" act as a kind of nightmare; and many of these have probably been repelled from a closer acquaintance with Bagehot by a preconceived notion that he is one of "the dreary professors of a dismal science." It is supposed to be beyond the capacity of man to make the science of figures interesting, though we have the illustrious examples of a Pitt and a Gladstone to the contrary. However, the old adage, "Give a dog a bad name," has been carried out as regards political economists, and in many cases it acts as a most effective bogey. Mr. Hutton is convinced that Bagehot's judgment was sounder than other men's on many subjects, "not in spite of, but in consequence of the excursive imagination and vivid humor which are so often accused of betraying otherwise sober minds into dangerous aberrations." One cannot altogether coincide in this, nor in the statement that in Bagehot "both lucidity and caution were directly traceable to the force of his imagination." Humor undoubtedly has a

* *Literary Studies*. By the late Walter Bagehot, M.A., and Fellow of University College, London.

With a Prefatory Memoir. Edited by Richard Holt Hutton. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

great practical value; for what is it in essence, but the capacity to perceive differences? But to trace caution as an effect of the imagination is another matter. In one order of intellect, and that the highest range, of which Shakespeare is a type, we witness the practical and the imaginative faculties developed *pari passu*. The author of "Hamlet"—we are authorized in believing—would have made as good a chancellor of the exchequer as Mr. Gladstone, as skilful an engineer as the Stephenson, as excellent a man of business, and as shrewd, as the Stewarts and the Astors. To use a homely but expressive phrase, one "would have to get up very early" to take Shakespeare in. But who would venture to say all this of Milton, or of Dante?—men of towering imagination, but lacking the all-round force of Shakespeare. And if we come to a somewhat lower range of writers, we find that the vast majority of those who have been distinguished for their imaginative gifts have been equally noted for the absence of business capabilities. The truth is that in Bagehot's case the imagination and the business faculty were developed together; but if the former had been less active, I fail to see why the latter should have necessarily suffered, as would have been the case upon Mr. Hutton's hypothesis. But one thing should be borne in mind—and this will probably help us in fathoming the reason why Mr. Bagehot did not procure an intense hold upon the public mind—viz., that though he had a lively imagination, it was not the imagination of absolute genius, but the imagination of a high order of talent.

The life of Walter Bagehot, as regards its conspicuous incidents, may be put within a very brief compass. He was born at Langport, a small town in the heart of Somersetshire, on the third of February, 1826. An excellent centre for trade, it was at Langport that Mr. Samuel Stuckey founded the Somersetshire Bank, which holds a high position amongst provincial banking-houses. As Mr. Hutton states, it is now the largest private bank of issue in England. Walter Bagehot's father, Mr. Thomas Watson Bagehot, was for thirty years managing director and

vice-chairman of Stuckey's Banking Company, and in this post he was succeeded by his son. Bagehot's mother was a niece of the Mr. Samuel Stuckey above mentioned, and she appears to have been a sensible as well as an intellectual woman. "There is no doubt that Bagehot," says his biographer, "was greatly indebted to the constant and careful sympathy in all his studies that both she and his father gave him, as well as to a very studious disposition, for his future success." She had a marked taste for science, which she cultivated under the direction of her relative, Dr. Prichard, author of "The Races of Man." This taste, or a measure of it, was imparted to her son, and the results of his early speculative thought and diligent inquiry are discovered in his work on "Physics and Politics." Mr. Hutton first made Bagehot's acquaintance at University College, London, when neither of them had attained his seventeenth year. He was struck by the questions he put, and the two having become known to each other, an intimate friendship resulted. Bagehot did not go to Oxford, as his father was strongly opposed to all doctrinal tests. The loss was not great, however, to an intellect constituted like Bagehot's; it certainly would not have ripened so well there as it did in those haunts in London where the questions of the day were freely discussed, and handled without intellectual gloves. As Bagehot himself afterwards expressed it,—

In youth the real plastic energy is not in tutors, or lectures, or in books "got up," but in Wordsworth and Shelley, in the books that all read because all like; in what all talk of because all are interested; in the argumentative walk or the disputatious lounge; in the impact of young thought upon young thought, of fresh thought on fresh thought, of hot thought on hot thought; in mirth and refutation, in ridicule and laughter; for these are the free play of the natural mind.

In short, the best teacher and educator of man is humanity. Under the care of such men as Professors De Morgan, Malden, and Long, Bagehot's mind was quickly expanded and sharpened. But he did not remain content with the formal knowledge thus acquired. The period of his studies

was one of great popular agitation, the free-trade campaign being then in full vigor; and Mr. Hutton says that he and Bagehot

seldom missed an opportunity of hearing together the matchless practical disquisitions of Mr. Cobden—lucid and homely, yet glowing with intense conviction—the profound passion, and careless, though artistic, scorn of Mr. Bright, and the artificial and elaborately ornate periods, and witty, though somewhat *ad captandum*, epigrams of Mr. W. J. Fox (afterwards M.P. for Oldham). Indeed, we scoured London together to hear any kind of oratory that had gained a reputation of its own, and compared all we heard with the declamation of Burke and the rhetoric of Macaulay, many of whose later essays came out and were eagerly discussed by us while we were together at college.

Even at this early stage there seems to have been developed in Bagehot that sense of the advantages to be derived from compromise which afterwards distinguished him in relation to some great questions. In private life, however, while affable, kind, and generous, he does not appear to have had that mere “agreeableness” which Talleyrand defined as belonging to “the man who agrees with me.” He was not of that numerous class of men who go out of their way to say smooth things for the express purpose of making matters pleasant all round.

In 1846, Bagehot took the mathematical scholarship with his bachelor's degree in the University of London; and two years later he received the gold medal in intellectual and moral philosophy with his master's degree. It was at this time he became well grounded in the principles of political economy, though these severer studies did not preclude him from the more attractive pursuits of theology and poetry. Mr. Hutton says that one of his favorite authors was Dr. J. H. Newman, and that for seven or eight years of his life the Roman Catholic Church had a great fascination for his imagination, though he does not believe that he was ever at all near conversion. Many deep thinkers have been impressed by the history and antiquity of the Roman Church, and the picturesqueness of her ritual, but

this is a very different thing from conviction; they have been saved from embracing her religion because intellect and conscience have alike recoiled from her stupendous errors. It would be curious to inquire upon how many distinguished men of our own time Dr. Newman has not wielded a powerful influence at some stage in their career. Though he has given to the Roman Catholic Church “what was meant for mankind,” there is, perhaps, more in him than in any other writer now living, to attract the admiration and veneration of men of all sects. Bagehot's admiration for him seems to have led him even to imitate his poetry; and some original lines which Mr. Hutton quotes possess both vigor and idea.

While Bagehot was reading law in London—undecided upon his future course, and hovering between the bar and the bank—he made the acquaintance of that singular man of genius, Arthur Hugh Clough. This acquaintance speedily ripened into friendship. Clough was principal of University Hall, an institution in which Bagehot took a great interest. Mr. Hutton, who can trace the effect of some of Clough's writings on Bagehot's mind to the very end of his career, gives the following noticeable picture of Clough:—

There were some points of likeness between Bagehot and Clough, but many more of difference. Both had the capacity for boyish spirits in them, and the florid color which usually accompanies a good deal of animal vigor; both were reserved men, with a great dislike of anything like the appearance of false sentiment, and both were passionate admirers of Wordsworth's poetry; but Clough was slightly lymphatic, with a great tendency to unexpressed and unacknowledged discouragement, and to the paralysis of silent embarrassment when suffering from such feelings, while Bagehot was keen, and very quickly evacuated embarrassing positions, and never returned to them. When, however, Clough was happy and at ease, there was a calm and silent radiance in his face, and his head was set with a kind of stateliness on his shoulders, that gave him almost an Olympian air; but this would sometimes vanish in a moment into an embarrassed taciturnity that was quite uncouth. One of his friends declares that the man who was said to be “a cross between a schoolboy

and a bishop" must have been like Clough. There was in Clough, too, a large Chaucerian simplicity and a flavor of homeliness, so that now and then, when the light shone into his eyes, there was something, in spite of the air of fine scholarship and culture, which reminded one of the best likenesses of Burns.

Clough certainly possessed, what Bagehot lacked, distinct genius; but there was something of the intellectual dyspeptic in the former, and this cannot be said of Bagehot. It may, perhaps, be straining a point to describe the philosophy of Clough as the philosophy of discontent, though there was much of that in it. Discontent, *per se*, is an insidious and harmful creed; but discontent, as an incentive to inquiry, is most helpful. Clough's attitude on all vital questions was one of hesitancy; and however much we may admire the man and his gifts, hesitancy and negation have never done much for the human race. Man asks for something definite and positive, and it is a singular but undoubted fact, that the most stable happiness accompanies assurance and belief—not belief in this or that creed so much, but still a well-grounded and earnest belief in something. It is not surprising, consequently, that such a philosophy as that of Clough should make few proselytes. We admire his genius, but because we feel the difficulty with him of finding truth, we are not, necessarily, to plunge ourselves into the depths of despair. As Mr. Browning sings,—

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

One very curious intellectual episode in Bagehot's career is that during which he wrote a series of letters in the *Inquirer* upon Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. The *Inquirer* is the organ of the Unitarian body, and in 1851 a knot of clever young Unitarians, including Mr. J. Langton Sanford and Mr. Hutton, were engaged in conducting it. To this journal Mr. Bagehot (who was not a Unitarian) contributed his letters on the *coup d'état*. They must have fallen like a bombshell amongst the readers of the *Inquirer*, to most of whom the words "Louis Napoleon" were the synonym of despotism of the worst type. While almost all English Liberals were moved with indignation against Louis Napoleon, Bagehot undertook to defend the act for which his name was most execrated. As a specimen of ingenious reasoning and argument his letters are well worth reading; but, as Mr. Hutton says, the *coup d'état* was one of the best

illustrations of that "ruinous force of the will" which Bagehot had learnt from Clough so much to dread. Mr. Hutton quotes an extract in which the writer maintained that free institutions are apt to succeed with a stupid people, and to founder with a ready-witted and vivacious one. These sentences, though fallacious, are excellent in their way:—

Why do the stupid people always win, and the clever people always lose? I need not say that in real sound stupidity the English people are unrivalled. You'll have more wit, and better wit, in an Irish street row than would keep Westminster Hall in humor for five weeks. . . . These valuable truths are no discoveries of mine. They are familiar enough to people whose business it is to know them. Hear what a dounce and aged attorney says of your peculiarly promising barrister. "Sharp? Oh, yes, yes, he's too sharp by half. He isn't safe, not a minute, isn't that young man." "What style, sir," asked of an East Indian director some youthful aspirant for literary renown, "is most to be preferred in the composition of official despatches?" "My good fellow," responded the ruler of Hindostan, "the style as we like is the Humdrum!"

This writing is clever, but it teems with false assumptions. The stupid people do not of course always win, nor do the clever people always lose. The English people are *not* unrivalled for their stupidity, nor is the humor of an Irish street row the highest development of wit. The average Englishman may not be so vivacious as the average Frenchman, yet England has produced (considering its restricted area) more nimble-witted men, and more men of genius, than any other country. Caution and slowness of speech must not be confounded with stupidity; and if England has acquired her liberties by slower stages than some other nations, she holds them with a firmer grip. If the English are a stupid people, our stupidity might be emulated with advantage by our vivacious neighbors across the Channel. It is this stupidity—or resolution, as we should prefer to call it—which has insured for modern Englishmen the inheritance described by Mr. Tennyson,—

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

But though at one time Bagehot thus defended a high-handed and an outrageous act, his biographer states that in later life he was by no means blind to the political shortcomings of Louis Napoleon's *régime*.

An article which he published in the *Economist* after a later visit to France in 1865 abundantly proves this. Speaking of the government of the empire, he remarks: "It is an admirable government for present and coarse purposes, but a detestable government for future and refined purposes." Again: "A real course of free lectures on popular subjects would be impossible in Paris. Agitation is forbidden, and it is agitation, and agitation alone, which teaches. The crude mass of men bear easily philosophical treatises, refined articles, elegant literature; there are but two instruments penetrative enough to reach their opaque minds — the newspaper article and the popular speech; both of these are forbidden." Once more: "France, as it is, may be happier because of the empire, but France in the future will be more ignorant because of the empire. The daily play of the higher mind upon the lower mind is arrested." France "endures the daily presence of an efficient immorality; she sacrifices the educating apparatus which would elevate Frenchmen yet to be born. But these two disadvantages are not the only ones. France gains the material present, but she does not gain the material future." Bagehot's keen mind detected the flaws in the policy of the empire, and he hated with intensity its system of repression. The latest development of Cæsarism in France had a fall as swift and sudden as its rise; and under any circumstances the lack of the necessary conditions to sound and permanent government forbade its long continuance. The disaster of 1870 only precipitated that which was inevitable.

It is stated that during his residence in Paris, and at the time of the riots, Bagehot "was a good deal in the streets, and from a mere love of art helped the Parisians to construct some of their barricades, notwithstanding the fact that his own sympathy was with those who shot down the barricades, not with those who manned them. He climbed over the gates of the Palais Royal on the morning of December second to breakfast, and used to say that he was the only person who did breakfast there on that day." He speaks of the Montagnard as "the most horrible being to the eye I ever saw — shallow, sincere, sour fanaticism, with grizzled moustaches, and a strong wish to shoot you rather than not. The Montagnards are a scarce commodity — the real race — only three or four, if so many, to a barricade. If you want a Satan any odd time, they'll do; only I hope that *he* don't believe in human

brotherhood." Here crops out Bagehot's cynicism, and his contempt for the cant of those who are perpetually talking of the great human brotherhood, and yet keeping a sharp eye upon their neighbors, and — too often — upon their neighbors' property.

Ceasing to think of the bar as a profession, Bagehot joined his father in the Somersetshire bank, alternating his financial and commercial transactions with visits to London. He was fond of hunting, but he had no love for the ordinary amusements of society. Mr. Hutton relates an amusing saying of his to the effect that he wished he could think balls *wicked*, being so unquestionably stupid, with all their "little blue and pink girls, so like each other." Banking and commerce now engaged his attention, but literature was not neglected. He became joint editor of the *National Review*, and to this and to the *Prospective Review* he contributed a series of articles which were afterwards published under the title of "Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen." Most of these articles reappear in the volumes now before us, and it is certainly matter for surprise that (as the editor observes) the literary taste of England could commit the blunder of passing by these remarkable essays. Few living men could have written some of the articles; where they do not command assent, they challenge admiration in the great majority of instances for their critical insight.

At the age of thirty-two Bagehot married the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. James Wilson. Mr. Wilson died in India while acting as financial member of the Indian Council. In editing the *Economist*, in the study of politics and of political economy, and in the preparation of his work on "Physics and Politics," Mr. Bagehot's time was now passed. In matters political he was as fearless a thinker as Mr. Lowe, though he had also much in common with that far more cautious statesman, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, for whom, indeed, he had a high admiration. There is something in these views which would commend itself to the member for the University of London: "He would have been glad to find a fair excuse for giving up India, for throwing the colonies on their own resources, and for persuading the English people to accept deliberately the place of a fourth or fifth rate European power — which was not in his estimation a cynical or unpatriotic wish, but quite the reverse, for he thought that such a course would result in generally

raising the calibre of the national mind, conscience, and taste." All this of course is simply so much treason to the immovable Conservative, and the vaunter of the virtues and courage of the British Lion. But some of Bagehot's political principles, if carried out in their entirety, would tend to arrest national progress rather than to accelerate it; and here comes in again the peculiar constitution of his mind. One half of it seems as broad and liberal in its ideas as the most advanced thinker could wish it to be, while the other seems to hold its fellow in check, and to cause it to fall back for support upon the old order of things. Neither to Liberal nor Conservative could Bagehot have been altogether satisfactory. Though averse to spending recklessly himself, he was rather in favor of efficiency than the mere reduction of expenditure for the sake of saving. He failed in his efforts to get into Parliament, though in 1866 he was nearly being returned for Bridgewater. A futile attempt was afterwards made to connect him with the bribery which prevailed in his borough. Mr. Hutton quotes some of his answers to the commissioners, which are most shrewd and terse. He had also a fund of original humor. On one occasion he wrote to a friend, "Tell — that his policies went down in the 'Colombo,' but were fished up again. *They are dirty, but valid.*" Mr. Hutton once asked him whether he had enjoyed a particular dinner, to which he responded, "No, the sherry was bad; tasted as if L — had dropped his h's into it." To a friend who had a church in the grounds near his house, Bagehot remarked, "Ah, you've got the church in the grounds. I like that. It's well the tenants should be *quite* sure that the landlord's power stops with this world." When pressed by his mother to marry, he replied laughingly, "A man's mother is his misfortune, but his wife is his fault."

With regard to religious questions there is some difficulty in arriving at the exact position assumed by Bagehot. Mr. Hutton states that early in life he was "orthodox," and that though he afterwards receded greatly from this, he never at any time, "however doubtful he may have become on some of the cardinal issues of historical Christianity, accepted the Unitarian position." Late in life he once referred to the Trinitarian doctrine "as probably the best account which human reason could render of the mystery of the self-existent mind." Though a great reader of Darwin, he had ideas other than Darwinian, and on the subject of personal

immortality we are told he never wavered. While approving the doctrine of evolution by natural selection as giving a higher conception of the Creator than the old doctrine of mechanical design, he rejected the materialistic view of the new doctrine. Doubtful as to the value of the historic evidence of Christianity, sceptical as to the apostolic origin of the fourth Gospel, and in suspense upon the question of miracles, he yet believed in an all-wise creator and governor of the universe. This is demonstrated by his essay on Bishop Butler.

In every step of religious argument we require the assumption, the belief, the faith, if the word is better, in an absolutely *perfect* Being; in and by whom we are, who is omnipotent as well as most holy; who moves on the face of the whole world, and ruleth all things by the word of his power. If we grant this, the difficulty of the opposition between what is here called the natural and the supernatural religion is removed; and without granting it, that difficulty is perhaps insuperable. It follows from the very idea and definition of an infinitely perfect Being, that he is within us as well as without us; ruling the clouds of the air and the fishes of the sea, as well as the fears and thoughts of men; smiling through the smile of nature, as well as warning with the pain of conscience — "*sine qualitate, bonum; sine quantitate, magnum; sine indigentia, creatorem; sine situ, presidentem; sine habitu, omnia continentem; sine loco, ubique totum; sine tempore, sempiternum; sine ullâ sui mutatione, mutabilia facientem, nihilque patientem.*" If we assume this, life is simple; without this, all is dark.

Through the whole of the essay whence this extract is taken there runs what we may call a *believing* tone; and in one place, after enlarging upon the limited range of human vision and capacity, the writer observes: "When our knowledge increases — when, by a revelation, that plan (of the universe) is unfolded to us — when God vouchsafes to communicate to us the system on which he acts, then it is rational to expect our difficulties would diminish — would gradually disappear as the light dawned upon us — would vanish finally when the dayspring arose upon our hearts." The author evidently believed in a deity, not as a blind force, but as a moulding and permeating power — a power never sleepless, but ever actively engaged in controlling and directing the universe he has made.

Mr. Bagehot died at the comparatively early age of fifty-one. He expired, apparently without suffering, on March 24, 1877, at Herd's Hill, near Langport, a family residence built by his grandfather. What

friendships he contracted appear to have been deep and lasting ones, not made to be put on readily and cast off like old garments. Mr. Hutton says he was intimately known only to the few, but these must have a keen and poignant sense of their loss. They "will hardly find again in this world a store of intellectual sympathy of so high a stamp, so wide in its range and so full of original and fresh suggestion, a judgment to lean on so real and so sincere, or a friend so frank and constant, with so vivid and tenacious a memory for the happy associations of a common past, and so generous in recognizing the independent value of divergent convictions in the less pliant present."

One great charm of Mr. Bagehot's literary studies is that they are not moulded upon the style of any other writer. What he gives us is his own, and we can always learn something from a man who is original, who throws a tone and color of his own into the questions which he handles. In almost all these essays are to be discovered some new ideas, and many forcible resettlings of old ones. The characteristics of an author are seized upon almost as by intuition, and the reader rises from the perusal of each essay knowing far more upon the subject than he did before. Nor do the essays (except, perhaps, in the case of Shakespeare) take a limited range, over which the writer exhausts himself. He not only brings out many excellent things from his treasury, but he has a great facility for suggesting others—one of the most invaluable qualities in an author. The first of these essays, on "The First Edinburgh Reviewers," is probably one of the best. Mr. Bagehot traces the origin of the new order of periodical literature with great skill, and then gives us striking portraits of the early reviewers, who "cultivated literature on a little oatmeal." We do not always agree with him in his estimates. A case in point arises in his view of the character of Lord Eldon. Speaking of the terror which the French Revolution exercised over the minds of conservative Englishmen, and referring to the great chancellor in particular, he says: "It was not any peculiar bigotry in Lord Eldon that actuated him, or he would have been powerless; . . . it was genuine, hearty, craven fear; and he ruled naturally the commonplace Englishman, because he sympathized in his sentiments, and excelled him in his powers." This is not the character of Lord Eldon as accepted

by most persons. On the contrary, he knew no fear, his vision was too keen and searching to permit of that; but in matters political and religious he was the very essence of bigotry. Mr. Bagehot pays a well-deserved tribute to the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, who fearlessly attacked the abuses of the time, and in one well-chosen sentence he thus hits off the character of the Whigs: "The Whigs are constitutional by instinct, as the Cavaliers were monarchical by devotion." Their political creed was the improvement of the Constitution, not its maintenance upon the old effete lines, nor yet its abolition. Describing Francis Horner, who was a "striking example of the advantage of keeping an atmosphere," who excited universal respect without any one's precisely knowing why, Bagehot says it is no explanation of the widely-felt regret at his premature death, that he was a considerable political economist.

No real English gentleman, in his secret soul, was ever sorry for the death of a political economist: he is much more likely to be sorry for his life. There is an idea that he has something to do with statistics; or, if that be exploded, that he is a person who writes upon "value;" says that rent is—you cannot very well make out what; talks excruciating currency; he may be useful, as drying-machines are useful; but the notion of crying about him is absurd. The economical loss might be great, but it will not explain the mourning for Francis Horner.

This is a very happy definition of the popular view of a political economist. And Horner's life to some extent bore it out. When he was ill, he was advised to read amusing books; but the nearest approach to a word of this character found in his library was "The Indian Trader's Complete Guide." Horner was mourned because he was a specimen of that rare individual, an eminently "safe" man; he was also manly without boasting, and agreeable without being fawning. He was single-hearted, and, as Sydney Smith said, "the Ten Commandments were written on his countenance." Upon his asseveration, men would almost believe the impossible. Bagehot is admirable in defining the literature hastily produced (and necessarily so) by Jeffrey and his coadjutors: "You must not criticise papers like these, rapidly written in the hurry of life, as you would the painful words of an elaborate sage, slowly and with anxious awfulness instructing mankind. Some things, a few things, are for eternity; some, and a good many, are for time. We do not expect

the everlastingness of the pyramids from the vibratory grandeur of a Tyburnian mansion." The character of Jeffrey is summed up with great justness and penetration. The author's final conclusion is that "he was neither a pathetic writer nor a profound writer; but he was a quick-eyed, bustling, black-haired, sagacious, agreeable man of the world. He had his day, and was entitled to his day; but a gentle oblivion must now cover his already subsiding reputation." He confidently declared that Wordsworth's poetry would never do; but it *has* done, and is now exercising a profound influence, while the writings of the clever attorney of the press are forgotten. Jeffrey was totally unable to appreciate the mystical, the religion of the imagination, and had scant sympathy for poets like Wordsworth, who endeavored to penetrate to the heart of nature. In illustrating this point, we may quote from Mr. Bagehot the following passage, which is amongst the most flowing and eloquent to be found in these essays.

The beauty of the universe has a meaning, its grandeur a soul, its sublimity an expression. As we gaze on the faces of those whom we love; as we watch the light of life in the dawning of their eyes, and the play of their features, and the wildness of their animation; as we trace in changing lineaments a varying sign; as a charm and a thrill seem to run along the tone of a voice, to haunt the mind with a mere word; as a tone seems to roam in the ear; as a trembling fancy hears words that are unspoken: so in nature the mystical sense finds a motion in the mountain, and a power in the waves, and a meaning in the long white line of the shore, and a thought in the blue of heaven, and a gushing soul in the buoyant light, an unbounded being in the vast void air, and

Wakeful watchings in the pointed stars.

There is a philosophy in this which might be explained if explaining were to our purpose. It might be advanced that there are original sources of expression in the essential grandeur and sublimity of nature, of an analogous though fainter kind, to those familiar, inexplicable signs by which we trace in the very face and outward lineaments of man the existence and working of the mind within. But, be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Wordsworth preached this kind of religion, and that Lord Jeffrey did not believe a word of it.

Sydney Smith, the third of the great trio of Edinburgh reviewers, Mr. Bagehot describes as Liberalism in life. There was no circumlocution about him, and he was just the man to puzzle a refined aristocrat. Lord Melbourne declined to make him a bishop, and it would have gone bet-

ter with the great Whig writer and humorist, in a worldly sense, if he had been able to trim or temporize a little, and to accommodate himself more to town manners and pursuits. Mr. Bagehot shows the fallacy of the comparison frequently made between Sydney Smith and Swift: "The whole genius of the two writers is emphatically opposed. Sydney Smith's is the idea of popular, riotous, buoyant fun; it cries and laughs with boisterous mirth; it rolls hither and thither like a mob, with elastic and commonplace joy. Swift was a detective in a dean's wig; he watched the mob; his whole wit is a kind of dexterous indication of popular frailties; he hated the crowd; he was a spy on beaming smiles, and a common informer against genial enjoyment. His whole essence was a soreness against mortality." Sydney Smith had some love for humanity, and never ceased to enjoy life, though he did not obtain preferment; Swift became sour and morose through disappointment; cursed the day upon which he was born, and when he sat down to write, dipped his pen in gall.

Mr. Hutton considers the essay on "Hartley Coleridge" the most perfect in style of any of Mr. Bagehot's writings; but here I, for one, cannot agree with him. It is quite as suggestive and as deep-searching as any other, and furnishes us with an admirable portrait of a very remarkable man; but in point of literary style it is not carefully executed. For example, here is a very singularly constructed sentence: "He soon, however, went down to the Lakes, and there he, with a *single exception*, lived and died." The italics are, of course, ours, but the phraseology should belong to no one. There are some errors of quotation in these essays which obviously do not belong to Mr. Bagehot, and which it would be well to have corrected in future editions. On page 56 we find two well-known lines misquoted as follows, with the sense, of course, destroyed:—

The native *view* of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

On page 99 a very fine image of Shelley's is thus quoted:—

Life, like a *doom* of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments.

This is nonsense as it stands, but with "dome" in the place of "doom" ranks as a piece of high imaginative writing. There is also an ungrammatical slip of the pen

on page 181 of the first volume (from which we have hitherto been quoting): "It is from a tried and a varied and a troubled moral life that the deepest and truest ideas of God *arises*." Again, on page 203: "Hamlet or Lear are not to be thought of except as complex characters."

Though the analysis of Hartley Coleridge is very fine, many will think that the author awards too high praise to one who lacked the informing genius, the real fire, of his father. The younger Coleridge was to the elder but as "moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." Nor had his unfortunate career everything to do with this. He was not so richly endowed by nature; and though all his poetry may be read with great pleasure, we miss in it that light which gleams across the page of "The Ancient Mariner," a light whose presence all can feel, but which is very difficult to define. Hartley Coleridge wanted something besides connectedness and steadiness of purpose to produce poetry which should seize hold of the heart of humanity. His father was what we may describe as a fragmentary man; but he possessed lofty genius. Hartley Coleridge, on the contrary, was also a fragmentary man, but his genius was of a much lower type. He lacked depth, body. Sensibility and fancy he possessed to a very considerable degree, but these alone are not sufficient to constitute a great poet. It is melancholy to reflect upon the career of Hartley Coleridge, and perhaps our best attitude towards him is one of pity, not unmingled with affection.

The essay upon Shelley is well worth reading, even after all that has recently been written upon this distinguished poet. Much of the criticism is profound; though Shelley is one of those poets who will never command such a unanimity of opinion as, for example, men like Byron. If his nature is simple, it is a simplicity not easily grasped and understood by men of the world. Judged by ordinary standards, indeed, much in Shelley's life and character must appear mere foolishness. It is very difficult to preserve in manhood the heart of a child; but Shelley did this, and in some quarters he has been little apprehended in consequence. The impulsiveness which clung to him through life is out of keeping with the cautious and—shall I say?—selfish instincts of manhood. It almost gives a touch of fanaticism to his character. But Mr. Bagehot is surely wrong in saying that under certain circumstances this intense enthusiasm would have carried Shelley into positions most

alien to an essential benevolence. "There is no difficulty," he remarks, "in imagining Shelley cast by the accident of fortune into the Paris of the Revolution; hurried on by its ideas, undoubting in its hopes, wild with its excitement, going forth in the name of freedom conquering and to conquer; and who can think that he would have been scrupulous how he attained such an end? It was in him to have walked towards it over seas of blood. One could almost identify him with St. Just, the 'fair-haired republican.'" I cannot think so. There was a reserve of cold-blooded ferocity in St. Just that was wholly absent in Shelley. The chief article in the political creed of the latter was toleration—of the widest and most universal character. The toleration in the creed of the leaders of the French Revolution extended only to those who took the same views as themselves. It is not possible to conceive of Shelley as a persecutor—the whole tone and temper of the man forbid it.

There is some exaggeration also in the statement that Shelley has delineated in his works no character except his own, or characters most strictly allied to his own. His mythological beings, it is true, have a good deal of his own personality in them, but Julian and Maddalo are distinct individualities, and "The Cenci" shows that he could go out of himself. The personification of passions and impulses was a favorite mode of writing with Shelley, but it is a mistake to suppose that he was incapable of reproducing actual human character, or that he would not have done so had his life been extended. His nature was constantly in a state of effervescence—anger at the presence and power of evil in the universe—and this threw him back upon sceptical opinions, which he only began to cast away before the stronger light of wisdom and experience. Not having many points of contact with ordinary humanity, he naturally turned within, and gave to his poetry in consequence an autobiographical character.

The essay on Shakespeare is worthy of all the praise Mr. Hutton gives it. It takes only one side of the great dramatist—who can be exhaustive on this subject?—that of the man, but this is excellently set forth. The writer shows that Shakespeare was not only a poet in the sense of observing the larger and general aspects of nature, but that he studied man and surrounding objects minutely. Shakespeare was a man, too, who had a stake in the world; who held his own with others in matters of business, while vastly supe-

rior to them in other respects. He could take care of his earnings and invest them to the best advantage, even while dreaming of "the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces." It is here that he is so marvellous. He could be equally at home with the child, the huckster, the merchant, the choice spirits of the Mermaid, the players, the courtiers, and the sovereign herself. The great and the minute, the lofty and the humble, were alike within his ken. He surveyed the universe, and made it captive to his imagination, and yet "if he walked down a street he knew what was in that street." All these, and kindred points, the essayist enlarges upon. He proves that Shakespeare had an enormous specific acquaintance with the common people, and that this acquaintance can only be obtained by sympathy. This is our final glimpse of Shakespeare as he appears to the mind's eye of Mr. Bagehot:—

It pleased him to be respected by those whom he had respected with boyish reverence, but who had rejected the imaginative man—on their own ground, and in their own subject, by the only title which they would regard—in a word, as a moneyed man. We seem to see him eyeing the burgesses with good-humored fellowship and genial (though suppressed and half-unconscious) contempt, drawing out their old stories, and acquiescing in their foolish notions, with everything in his head, and easy sayings upon his tongue—a full mind and a deep dark eye, that played upon an easy scene—now in fanciful solitude, now in cheerful society; now occupied with deep thoughts, now, and equally so, with trivial recreations, forgetting the dramatist in the man of substance, and the poet in the happy companion; beloved and even respected, with a hope for every one, and a smile for all.

Our author does not write with the eloquence of a De Quincey, neither can he vie with the deep and quaint suggestiveness of Emerson. He touches upon some points which have been referred to by Carlyle—notably the comparison between Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott—but the larger questions associated with the poet and the dramatist he purposely does not deal with. Those points which he handles, however, he elucidates and enforces with power and insight. It has been left to Mr. Carlyle to insist upon the grand unconsciousness of Shakespeare, and to indicate its lesson: "Beyond drawing audiences to the Globe Theatre, Shakespeare contemplated no result in those plays of his. Yet they have had results! Utter with free heart what thy own *dæmon* gives thee: if fire from heaven, it shall be well; if resinous firework, it

shall be—as well as it could be, or better than otherwise!" Shakespeare's vocabulary shows that he knew every man's language, and this is one reason why he is every man's poet. He has the speech universal. So copious is his expression that he uses in his works no fewer than fifteen thousand words, while the vocabulary of our second great poet Milton embraces only eight thousand words. But we must hurry from the subject with which we are immediately concerned, lest it engross us too deeply. Mr. Emerson has, perhaps, touched more comprehensively than any other writer, within a brief space, upon certain aspects of Shakespeare which strike every reader, and which are collaterally referred to by Mr. Bagehot.

In the paper on Milton, while doing justice to the poet's great epic, Mr. Bagehot unshrinkingly points out its defects. He complains, for example, that by a curiously fatal error Milton has selected for delineation exactly that part of the divine nature which is most beyond the reach of the human faculties, and which is the least effective to our minds when we attempt to describe it. He has made God *argue*, and this led Pope to say that Providence, in the pages of Milton, "talks like a school divine." "And there is the still worse error, that if you once attribute reasoning to him, subsequent logicians may discover that he does not reason very well." Then, too, the number and insipidity of the good angels in "Paradise Lost" set Satan in a strongly interesting light. One critic has recommended that, after a few alterations, Milton's masterpiece might well be rechristened "Satan." The sympathy created with the fallen archangel is great, and Mr. Bagehot remarks with regard to his grand aim, the conquest of Adam and Eve, that we are at once struck with the enormous inequality of the conflict. "The idea in every reader's mind is, and must be, not surprise that our first parents should yield, but wonder that Satan should not think it beneath him to attack them. It is as if an army should invest a cottage." Dr. Johnson said that "Paradise Lost" was one of the books which no one wished longer; and Dryden observed that Milton became tedious when he entered upon "a tract of Scripture." Mr. Bagehot, following up this point, and alluding to Milton's paraphrase of the account of the creation in the Book of Genesis, describes this paraphrase as "alike copious and ineffective. The universe is, in railway phrase, 'opened,' but not created; no green earth springs in a

moment from the indefinite void. Instead, too, of the simple loneliness of the Old Testament, several angelic officials are in attendance, who help in nothing, but indicate that heaven must be plentifully supplied with tame creatures." Of course there is a force in these criticisms. The most perfect work of man is not without some flaw. But after all deductions have been made, Milton's great epic remains still what it was, and occupying the same lofty position in our regard — a truly majestic and colossal conception.

There are three other men — men of widely different organization and intellectual calibre — upon whom our author says much that is noticeable. These are Gibbon, Dickens, and Macaulay. With regard to the first, it is shown how the whole temper of primitive Christianity was repugnant to his mind. Yet his contempt and his scepticism were very carefully expressed, and sometimes veiled. He is more dangerous and insidious accordingly than the open and avowed infidel. Paley complained that his misrepresentations did not consist in a certain number of false statements — statements which could easily be fastened upon and nailed down — but that his errors were subtly hid within the sinuous folds of his rhetoric. There was a good deal of apparent candor in Gibbon, but, as Paley asked, "Who can refute a sneer?"

Endeavoring to arrive at the causes of Dickens's extraordinary popularity — a popularity which seems unique when we remember that of the English editions of his works alone, one million eight hundred thousand volumes have been disposed of — Mr. Bagehot first touches upon his style, which is descriptive, racy, and flowing; it is instinct with new imagery and singular illustration. He uses materials near at hand, and becomes at once in possession of the mind of his reader. Then, again, he is thoroughly English in his choice of subjects, and his types are completely original — never to be confounded with the creations of other novelists. Another great source of his power is that he describes what he sees, and is destitute of reasoning power. Readers always skip the argumentative pages in novels; there are few in those of Dickens, so that he can be read through with ease and pleasure. Perhaps the greatest distinction of all to make in regard to this popular novelist is, that he has the genius of perception as opposed to the genius of reflection. Mr. Bagehot enlarges upon this distinction when he says that Dickens "is often

troubled with the idea that he must reflect, and his reflections are perhaps the worst reading in the world. There is a sentimental confusion about them; we never find the consecutive precision of mature theory, or the cold distinctness of clear thought. Vivid facts stand out in his imagination; and a fresh illustrative style brings them home to the imagination of his readers; but his continuous philosophy utterly fails in the attempt to harmonize them, to deduce a theory or elaborate a precept from them." Dickens had the observing eye of Shakespeare without Shakespeare's faculty for philosophizing upon or getting to the heart of things. But the novelist could perceive all objects clearly, as regards their weight, size, shape, general appearance, and so on. It is this kind of intense outward realization as touching his comic characters which makes them so irresistible. Their idiosyncrasies are almost indicated by their very clothing. As it is remarked in this paper, he has the power of vivifying characters, or rather their external traits. The objections made to Dickens on the score of his *bizarrierie*, his questionable taste, his alleged passion for caricature, and other matters, are all discussed with much ability by Mr. Bagehot, who traces in the later works of the novelist the injurious effects which the popular applause, the temptations of composition, and the general excitement of existence, had upon this remarkable writer.

Macaulay's characteristics and his place in literature are well defined by Mr. Bagehot; though the paper upon him, as a whole, does not exhibit the critical acumen to be discovered in Mr. John Morley's essay upon the same subject. Macaulay was a very clever man, and he knew it. He had also a way of letting other people know that he knew it. But if his egotism was great, his learning and abilities were also great. Few men have had greater confidence in the extent and exactitude of their own information. A capital anecdote is told of Lord Palmerston in relation to Macaulay, which Mr. Bagehot might have quoted, and which admirably enforces one of the points of his essay. "I wish," said Palmerston on one occasion, "that I were only as sure of *one* thing as Tom Macaulay is cock-sure of *everything*." This element of "cock-sureness" was a very conspicuous one in Macaulay's character; hence he was never known to be caught at a disadvantage. Mr. Bagehot quotes an anecdote to illustrate Macaulay's habit of certainty in his writing. "If you please,

sir, tell me what you do *not* know,' was the inquiry of a humble pupil addressed to a great man of science. It would have been a relief to the readers of Macaulay if he had shown a little the outside of uncertainties, which there must be — the gradations of doubt, which there ought to be — the singular accumulation of difficulties, which must beset the extraction of a very easy narrative from very confused materials." Full justice is done to the picturesque of Macaulay's style, but one great defect is insisted upon — viz., his tendency to regard as proven that upon which he had formed a preconceived notion. He carried this dangerous habit into the writing of history. For example, as Mr. Bagehot urges, "his view of Marlborough's character is a specious one — it has a good deal of evidence, a large amount of real probability, but it has scarcely more." But Macaulay dwelt so long and so earnestly upon this and other conceptions of character, that he came absolutely to believe in their historical truth. Then, again, he had more than a tinge of party spirit, so destructive to the historian's impartiality. As a result, "William is too perfect, James too imperfect." But, in spite of this, he is never guilty of wilful misrepresentation; he thoroughly believes all that he writes. Mr. Bagehot traces back the success of Macaulay to topic and treatment; and these have doubtless much to do with the popularity of his history. But he could have thrown the same glamor of rhetoric over almost any subject. The writer of the florid yet brilliant and entrancing essay upon "Milton" might be sure of a hearing upon any historical subject he should choose. He had an enormous power of pictorial representation, and the faculty for throwing a halo of beauty round the commonplace.

There are other essays in these volumes upon which much might be said, but space forbids. Readers, however, will search them out for themselves, and will be amply repaid for so doing. There are deeply intelligent discourses upon "Mr. Clough's Poems," "Béranger," "The Waverley Novels," "Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning," as illustrating pure, ornate, and grotesque art in English poetry; "Sterne and Thackeray," "Cowper," and "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." After receiving so much pleasure and profit from their perusal, it may seem ungracious to make even a minor complaint; but considering the obviously wide range of Mr. Bagehot's reading, I was struck by the restricted nature of his quotations in illus-

tration of his various points and arguments. Passages from Shelley and Wordsworth are made to do duty on two, and sometimes, I believe, on three occasions, and the remark of George III. that he was not aware the Bible needed any apology, appears at least twice. On page 29 of the first volume there is this foot-note: "The first words of Jeffrey's review of 'The Excursion' are, 'This will never do.'" And on page 340 of the second volume we again come upon the same note; while Jeffrey's saying has also been utilized once or twice in the text of the essays. I noticed other little defects of a like nature, which, with one or two errors previously pointed out, might in future be easily amended.

These volumes are a distinct and substantial addition to critical literature. No one can read the various essays without being struck by their thoughtfulness, their suggestiveness, and their healthfulness; and all will look forward eagerly to the supplementary volume promised by Mr. Hutton, which is to contain the author's "Studies in Political Biography." On every topic Mr. Bagehot handles he has something to say worth hearing, and this is a great recommendation in an age when so much is published which has no relevancy to things in heaven, things in earth, or things under the earth. Those who allege that nothing can be learnt from criticism would do well to take up these essays: a study of them must inevitably lead to the dethronement of such an opinion.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

FEY.

WYNYARD had lent Emmie the second volume of Laing's "Sea-Kings of Norway," and on the day when Sir Francis Rivers and Alma were speeding on their way to La Roquette, Emmie took the book out into the garden and settled herself under the hedge of roses for a thorough enjoyment of it, while Lady Rivers slept through the hottest hours of the afternoon. She was busy with St. Olaf's history, which the owner of the book had recommended to her special attention. Whether owing to that fact or to the charms of old Snorro's style, she became so absorbed in following the early vicissitudes of the saint's career, that she forgot

all about her present surroundings. She let the sweet rose scents float past her unheeded, and even left off listening for sounds of wheels approaching from the bottom of the hill, of which her ear had been expectant the whole afternoon. Just at the most thrilling part of the narrative, however, when she was reading the account of St. Olaf's night march to Sticklestadt, and had got to the point where, seeing the morning mist roll away and disclose his foes, the saint burst out into song, and his comrade, startled at the joyousness on the hero's face, interrupts him with the cry, "You are fey, king;" something seemed to call her back out of the story and into herself and the present moment again. She stooped down, gathered one of a cluster of open-eyed stars of Bethlehem that had been meekly lifting their milk-white faces to her from among the grass at her feet, laid the spray upon the open page to mark the sentence at which she had paused, and, closing the volume, rested her elbows on it and began to think. Years and years afterwards Emmie came unexpectedly upon the crushed white flower on that page again, and lifting it up noticed with a strange thrill of emotion how the Norse hero's saying had been stained green by the juice of the star of Bethlehem's thick stalk crushed upon it, and remembered the bright afternoon and all that went before and came after; she had her interest in the end of St. Olaf's story quenched a second time, though she had been reading it aloud to a pair of young auditors whose pleasure in sagas was keener than her own had ever been. Her thoughts on this occasion soon disengaged themselves from St. Olaf. She wondered for a little while whether it was true that people were very happy just before a great trouble came upon them, and thought she had rather not know just now whether St. Olaf's triumphant outburst of song was a preface to defeat or victory. Perhaps he won the day at Sticklestadt and reigned peacefully over a united country for the rest of his life after he saw the sun break so gloriously through that northern mist.

Emmie had no uncomfortable knowledge of history that forbade her pleasing herself with such a supposition, and then she glanced back through her own life to see if she could remember ever having been "fey" herself, and with what results. Before she had come to any conclusion her ear was caught by a sound of voices approaching her from the path that wound along the hillside. Madame, then, had left

her carriage at the foot of the ascent, and was walking to the house by a circuitous path through the fields, for the sake, no doubt, of inspecting her vineyards and ascertaining whether the farm boys had done their last week's work of weeding properly.

Emmie did not think it necessary to move from her shelter just yet. Madame was apt to stand about a long time looking at her vines and holding forth on the best methods of treatment, and her present companion, Mr. Anstice, was only too ready to seize on the first pretext that came in his way to escape the details. It would not be well for her to give him such an excuse by showing herself too soon, and though the voices grew nearer and nearer, and were quite audible at last, being, indeed, divided from her only by the rose hedge, there was nothing in the nature of the conversation to oblige her to make her presence known. It seemed to be altogether about business, and for the first sentence or two was hardly intelligible. Now they are walking up and down on the other side of the hedge, and their voices have a charm for Emmie though it is still only of the property they are speaking. Madame has evidently been pointing out the extent of her territory to her companion. This field and that sunny vineyard on the top of the hill; the plot of flax down in the valley; the field sown with lucerne by the river; all that long southern slope of olive-trees beyond the pine wood, sheltered from the wind and sunned all the year round by the mid-day sun.

"A good property," Madame is saying, "though insignificant according to English notions of an estate. Yet a good property."

Here she stands still, and, as Emmie guesses, puts a hand on her companion's arm to arrest his attention, which no doubt had been wandering a little.

"Yes, a good property, and purchased, as I think I have told you once before, Wynyard, with money your uncle paid over to me on my father's death. I never quite believed that I was legally entitled to it, for I had always understood that my father had given me all he had in his power to give on my marriage, but your uncle insisted, and I confess that at the time the comfort of having a considerable sum of money in my own hands to use as I liked (for the count, to do him justice, made no claim on this unexpected legacy) was so great, that I had not the heart to remonstrate very energetically. My cousin was rich enough to be generous to his old love,

I thought; and I had a scheme for his happiness in my mind at that moment which would, I thought, over-pay him for all I had cost him. When that hope failed utterly, I began to look on my little hillside farm as a property which I held in trust, rather than owned to do as I liked with, and I made up my mind that it should never go to my son with the lands belonging to the château. I have done my best for him with those, and it is owing to my good management that they are still unalienated and worth something. These few fields and my English farmhouse, as I call it, I have always intended to leave to whichever of my cousin's nephews came in for the smallest share of his wealth; and I don't deny, Wynyard, that when the news of your disinheritance came, the shock was something softened to me by the thought that I had this shred of what once was his in my power, and that I could make up for his injustice to a small extent by chosing you to be the one to come after me here. You won't despise your inheritance because it is such a mere handful in comparison to the one you lost?"

"My dear cousin, how can you ask such a question of a landless man! You are a great deal too good to me, and I wonder you don't perceive that I am already standing several inches higher in my shoes as the notion of becoming a landed proprietor one day dawns upon me. But it will be a very distant day, I hope, and we need not talk on the melancholy subject of inheritance this glorious afternoon, need we? I assure you I can be deeply interested in the size of those wonderful clusters of vine-blossom you began by pointing out to me, without any greedy thought of owning the miracle of a vineyard that produces them by-and-by. Let us enjoy ourselves in the sunshine; why trouble our heads at all about the future just now?"

"But it is not precisely of the future I am thinking at this moment, Wynyard. I have a reason for speaking on this matter to-day, probably the last occasion when we shall be quite alone together before we start on the journey in the course of which you are to leave me. I am very lonely in my life here, and as I grow old I cling more and more to old associations and old friends; and I have been thinking lately that if you should marry soon and choose a girl of whom I could become fond — we will not commit ourselves to names, but you know my taste — some one, not of the great world, but well-bred and prettily mannered, who could make herself happy in

simple ways with simple people: then I should like you to look upon this place as actually your own from the date of your marriage. A provision that you might settle on your wife, and a home always ready for you to come and rest in when your business gives you a little leisure. English girls are fastidious, I know, and averse to solitude, but I do not think it would be impossible to find one unspoiled enough to love this quiet place, and be content to spend a portion of her life near me here."

"Not impossible," Wynyard answered, with a ring of amusement in his voice which told Emmie that he was smiling inwardly at his companion's diplomacy, but taking it in good part all the same. "Not impossible; but, my dear Madame de Florimel, we won't discuss the pleasant possibility at this moment, grateful as I am to you for such generous purposes towards me. We might be led on to mentioning names, you know, if we talked any more, and that would be an impertinence, since I have nothing at present to tell you except that I have no intention of ever marrying a woman of the great world, and that I am quite as much awake to the merits of a love for La Roquette as you yourself are. We had better go back to the grape clusters, I think. There is a monstrously fine trailing shoot down here. Shall we go and examine into the promise of it?"

"Leaves, my dear Wynyard, leaves that want pruning: you will never be much of a gardener, I am afraid."

The steps moved on further down the hill, and Emmie, who, for the last moment or two had been crouching with her head on her book in a horror of drawing attention to herself, and yet in an agony of embarrassment at what she was overhearing, sprang up and fled towards the house. Her limbs were trembling and her cheeks tingling when she reached the shelter of her own room, and could begin to get herself ready to meet face to face the speakers of that talk she had begun to listen to so unsuspiciously and now felt so guilty for having overheard. Names indeed! Oh, if her name had been spoken, Emmie thought she must have packed up her clothes and rushed straight back to her mother, without even looking again into Madame de Florimel's face, or meeting those other eyes, whose half-playful, half-tender expression while those sentences were being exchanged, she could picture to herself so well. Perhaps she ought not to repeat them even to her own heart, as they were not meant for her hearing. Yet

after a moment or two, when Emmie's breath had come back, and she had cooled her cheeks with the flap of her garden hat, words and tones would return to her memory making her heart beat quickly and her cheeks burn again. It was impossible not to be quite sure that both the speakers were thinking about her, and that hers was the name that was to be understood, and not spoken. "Poor Alma!" Emmie whispered to herself. She was the woman of the "great" world who could not be happy at La Roquette whom Wynyard had in his mind when his voice sharpened for a moment. She had shut the gates of that paradise against herself. "I am quite as much awake to the merits of a love for La Roquette as you can be." Emmie covered her face with the flap of her hat in a glow of shame at having overheard *that* in the tone of meaning in which it had been spoken, before such strange wonderful news was meant for her ears; but when she raised her head again, it was with a sense of dignity resting upon it, as if, while realizing all that sentence implied, a garland of honor had noiselessly floated down, crowning her head with approval so dear, ah, so dear, so beyond all expectation and hope, that it must be a defence against every other trouble or sorrow for the rest of her life.

The sound of Madame de Florimel's high-pitched voice asking for Lady Rivers at the open front door woke her up to an immediate trouble however. She must make up her mind to come out of hiding at once, for it would never do to allow Aunt Rivers to be caught napping by Madame la Comtesse, more especially today, when the visit had been announced beforehand, and was made for the express purpose of consultation on arrangements for the journey to Clelle, which was now definitely fixed for the end of that week.

The château party however had had a second motive for their drive up the hill that afternoon. Wynyard began to explain this to Emmie as soon as the two elder ladies had comfortably dropped into a discussion on the utmost possible amount of baggage that could be packed into a carriage.

The families of Madelon and Antoine had come to an understanding immediately after madame's fête, and now the marriage was to be hurried on in order that Madame de Florimel and her guest might be present at the wedding. Antoine, with many apologies for his presumption, had come that morning to remind Wynyard of a half promise made on the evening of the dance,

that he, and the young English lady who had so distinguished Madelon by her friendship, would accompany the bride and bridegroom when, according to village custom, they went the round of the neighborhood together to dispense invitations to the wedding. Madelon had been to the farm that morning to beg the same favor of Emmie, and had engaged her to be at the orange-tree house by five o'clock; but Emmie had not, as yet, ventured to request leave of absence from her aunt, fearing she would frown about the plan.

While Emmie was hesitating and deprecating Wynyard's interference with frightened, anxious glances towards Lady Rivers, such as always roused his indignation afresh against his old enemy, the matter was skilfully taken up by Madame de Florimel, who put refusal out of the question by insinuating that Emmie would oblige her by paying this compliment to her favorite, and at the same time set her at liberty to spend an hour or two with Lady Rivers, "of whom I have seen too little lately," she added diplomatically.

"Yes, yes, my child," madame went on, turning a beaming face of encouragement and approval on Emmie. "I know you will undertake this little duty for me while I take your place with your aunt. We shall find plenty to talk about, and she has given me leave to speak to her good Ward about the packing of her things for the mountain journey. All that cannot be done in a moment. Run away, and get ready that you may not keep our friends at the orange-tree house waiting. The sun is hot still, but you will be in the valley during the first part of your walk, and you need not hurry home. I will take care of your aunt, and I shall not mind waiting till the cool of the evening for my drive back to the château."

Rather to Wynyard's surprise, for he had been in a very talkative mood till the walk began, a spell of silence fell upon him and his companion when they had passed the rose hedge and had begun the descent of the hill—where Emmie insisted on choosing the most direct of the many paths between the vineyards, instead of taking the winding, shady road through the pine wood. It was not shyness exactly that kept Emmie silent, and led her to avoid the dim solitude of the bosquet; she was too happy to be shy, but a slight chill of fear had come over her at the sight of the rose hedge, and her full enjoyment of her afternoon holiday was just dashed with a touch of awe and shy reserve. When Wynyard every now and then in

the steep descent, held out a hand to help her over a projecting stone, or one of the many little watercourses that divided the plots of ground on the hillside from each other; he was struck with something new in her face; a fresh expression, dignified and yet soft, through which a lovely light of tremulous restrained joy played in a half smile now and again.

Perhaps every one has a culminating moment of beauty in their lives, when their best self looks forth and shows the ideal of perfection and glory hereafter to be reached. Emmie's moment of ideal beauty came that afternoon, when for an hour or two the bright, frank hopefulness of youth, and the dawning tenderness of womanhood met and crowned her with their opposite charms for an hour or two, before the strength of the one quenched the other.

When they had reached the bottom of the hill, Wynyard had no excuse for turning round and looking in the face, whose strange sweetness had set him wondering. He roused himself therefore to begin a conversation — and once the spell of silence was broken, they found plenty to say — one topic of conversation seemed as fruitful as another that afternoon. Everything, the bluets in the river; the green lizard that started up under their feet, and lost itself in the lucerne; the tall flowering asphodel, whose name Emmie had never heard before, — all these subjects as they presented themselves, one after the other, proved to have a peculiar interest that afternoon, and would have served, as it seemed, to talk about forever. It could not be that Emmie said anything very well worth listening to about them, or that Wynyard was unusually eloquent, except, perhaps, about the asphodel, which, naturally enough, had poetical associations; but every sentence, every question and answer, still more the smiles that sometimes did for answers, brought the two speakers further and further out of themselves into a fuller consciousness of delight in each other's presence, and into an existence a little outside the everyday world in which, perhaps, for the time being they were both "fey." There was a little bit of climbing again before they got to the orange-tree house, and Emmie's hands were full of bluets and asphodel, so that she wanted more help along the broken path than usual. Wynyard, holding one of her little hands the greater part of the way, wondered whether she would look in Saville Street as she did now, and if so, whether he had not been

rather hasty in deciding that all strong emotion in life for him ended with the withering of his love for Alma. Could there be anything better or sweeter in the world than a fresh May rose, and what expression of indignation would be strong enough for the churlish heart that should sullenly shut itself against its rare perfume?

The bridal pair in the orange-tree house had been waiting some time for their principal supporters to join the procession when Emmie and Wynyard appeared: and for the remainder of the afternoon these two found themselves taking part in a village pageant — which was pretty enough in itself to make it something to remember for all the rest of a prosaic town life — if there had been nothing else to stamp the scene upon the memory. To Emmie the march of that bridal procession up hill, through valley and hamlet in the golden sunset, and the softening grey gloom that gathered afterwards, was always a walk quite by itself, fenced off from everything else in her life, a passage through an enchanted land, which dropped out of existence at the end of the evening, and could never be found again — never. It was not only the sunset glory lying on the hills, and the spicy perfume of the flower-fields they passed between that lifted Emmie so far out of her ordinary self, nor the little bursts of song in which the party indulged now and again as they climbed a steep to a group of woodcutters' huts among the pines, or wound down to a solitary house from which, perhaps, a band of young people would troop out to meet them, returning their song, or shouting with joy and congratulation; it was not the general beauty and joyousness, of that moment only she felt: there was a mingling in her memory of Eastern story and sacred parable, of descriptions dimly realized in her childhood — of brides carried with song to their homes, and virgins going forth to meet the bridegroom — which added the heightening touch of poetic elevation, an indefinite sense of awe and mystery to her mood.

The sun had quite set when they reached La Roquette, and the party made a halt on the open space before the church, to arrange their next proceedings. Antoine and Madelon, with their young friends, were invited to spend the evening at the house of an uncle of Antoine's who lived in the village, where the elders of their families were to join them, and a preliminary bridal feast to be held; but Emmie, when she was urgently pressed to be of

the party, hesitated. The suggestion roused her to a recollection of the passing of time, and she looked rather anxiously, first at the sky and then at Wynyard, and asked him how they were to get back to the *maisonnette*—before Madame de Florimel was quite tired of waiting for them. After some consultation, she and Wynyard agreed to take leave of their companions here, and cross the road to the château, where Joseph Marie might be persuaded to find a vehicle that would take them quickly up the hill; and as Madelon and Antoine had still to call at the priest's house, where the most important invitation of all had to be given—the adieux and thanks were less lengthy than might have been expected. The priest lived beyond the schoolhouse, at the bottom of a little street that sloped to the edge of the river on the further side of the hill, and Emmie and Wynyard stood still under the church porch for a minute or two watching their friends, till the windings of the path hid them; then Wynyard looked at Emmie and smiled.

"How long is it," he asked, "since you and I talked over the first act of this little drama so nearly at its finis to-day? No, don't answer me, I don't want to count the weeks. It is a very short time for a love-story to have reached its climax in, but it is a long time for a holiday to have lasted, for every day of which we shall have to pay interest by-and-by. We won't even calculate how many days have passed since we stood here and were secret witnesses to the promise that is to be fulfilled in a few days.

"I don't think it is long," said Emmie, "even for a holiday. It seems to me only a day or two."

"The seasons won't let us say quite that," answered Wynyard. "The year marches on, and thrusts the lapse of time in our faces, however hard one tries to forget it. Don't you remember how pink with bloom these quince-trees were when we stood under them on madame's fête-day, and now they have nothing to show but a few overblown blossoms and crude green leaves that set one's teeth on edge. Stay, though, here is one out-of-time spray full of fresh flowers still on the shady side of this tree, pinker than a quince blossom has any right to be, as pink as a May rose," lifting up an overhanging bough as he spoke, and showing a little tuft of blossom hidden underneath.

"Might I gather it, I wonder?" said Emmie.

"It looks as if it belonged to you, but

let me reach it. There!" stretching out his hand and plucking the cluster of blooms. Then, just as he was going to put it into her outstretched hand, he drew it back again and said quickly, "By the way, do you happen to know what a bit of quince blossom used to mean long ago?"

"No," said Emmie, looking up into his face, and seeing with surprise the sudden rush of color and emotion that crossed it. "No, I don't know anything about quince blossoms, but I should like to have that little spray you have gathered for me."

"So you shall in a minute, when I have told you what I am thinking of. I just remembered having read somewhere that it was a custom in Greece for a man to send a ripe quince to a girl when he was courting her in marriage, a better way than asking her in words, was it not? And as ripe quinces cannot be had at every season of the year, and love is not always full-blown, I was wondering whether quince blossoms might not have a meaning of their own when they are gathered for a person. What do you say to this one, which I really think must have hidden itself and refused to blow at the right time that we might find it here to-night. Will you have it?"

"It—it is very pretty, and I should like to have it very much," said Emmie, holding out her hand.

As Wynyard put the spray between her fingers his lips said "Thank you," in a most commonplace way, but his eyes spoke a deeper gratitude, while Emmie quickly turned hers away, too shy, and at the same time too glad, to let them be looked into for more than a second, finding, too, that the pink spray in her hand was the safest thing to contemplate just then. Its cool, fresh, pink-and-white blossoms had almost as much rest and congratulation and promise in them as a mother's or sister's face might have had if such an one had been near to turn towards.

They turned and walked in the direction of the *place* in silence, and Wynyard had time both to wonder at the imprudence of his speech made under the sudden impulse of a recollection, and to congratulate himself on the great throb of joy that the remembrance of having so spoken brought with it. There was no misunderstanding that; and if this was the *real thing*, why should he look back to question or blame the impulse that had led him beyond his present intention, and shown the true state of his heart?

As they drew near the château, where their *tête-à-tête* would be interrupted, he

began to long for another full look into Emmie's eyes. In that startled moment of meeting his as he gave her the flower, they had revealed a depth of tenderness and shy joy such as he had never even imagined could shine upon him from Alma's.

To make her turn her face comfortably towards him, he began to speak on quite another topic.

"I want to consult you, before we part, about the best time and way to make our little offering to the bride. I have it ready, and I had intended to ask you to present it this evening, but as you will be sure to see Madelon again before the wedding, you may as well take charge of it now, and give it when you two are alone. Madame de Florimel told me our present should be something that the bride could always wear, and as I had to send to Paris for it I ordered a strong guard-ring; the sensible people here preferring, I understand, solid ornaments to finery. What do you think of it? It may, perhaps, be a little thick and clumsy, but it will have to take part in a good deal of rough work on Madelon's fingers; and I want it to last till that time we talked about, when Antoine and Madelon are to tell their grandchildren the story of the grocer's defeat on madame's fête-day in our hearing."

He made a mistake in saying *that* if he wanted Emmie to look at him, for the reference to their talk on madame's birthday brought another rush of color, and instead of looking up she busied herself in unfolding the paper parcel Wynyard handed to her, and in examining the ring, a solid hoop of gold joined in the middle by two hands clasping each other, each with a circlet of rubies at the wrist.

"But won't you give it to her yourself?" said Emmie, when she had turned it round and praised it. "I had thought of a little present, too, this Cairngorm brooch which I pinned into my neckerchief to-day, meaning to take it out and give it to Madelon if a good opportunity offered. Old Mrs. Urquhart gave it me when I left home, but I don't think she would mind my parting with it if I told her all the circumstances. You think it very ugly, I'm afraid; hardly worth giving."

"No, indeed; I was only thinking I did not believe it had ever pinned a bunch of stars of Bethlehem into a neckerchief so daintily before. It's a splendid brooch — for old Mrs. Urquhart or for Madelon. Do as you think best about giving it, but I hope you will present the ring as well. I particularly wish *that* to be a joint offer-

ing from the conspirators who circumvented the grocer. It will be worth nothing unless it passes through your hands."

Emmie promised that Madelon should have the ring before the wedding-day, and by the time that matter was settled they were at the gates of the château, and Wynyard left Emmie to rest under the magnolias while he found Joseph Marie, and persuaded him to let them have a conveyance of some kind to take them up the hill.

Emmie found a seat under one of the trees overlooking the *place*, and was not sorry to be alone for a little while. The perfect day had faded now into a lovely, still, windless evening, and the *place* and the village street were very quiet and empty, more so than usual. The busy people were still at work in the fields, and the women and schoolchildren who, at another hour, would have been knitting at their doors or playing under the chestnuts, were just now assembled in the church, singing the hymns to Mary, which wound up the business of the day at La Roquette. Only a stray figure crossed the plane of her vision now and then. A girl coming from one of the flower-fields with a basket of roses on her head, a boy driving a flock of sheep towards the mountain from their pasture by the river, where they had been feeding all day, a mulet laden with refuse from the vineyards crossing the bridge and making all the little bells on its neck tingle musically at every step. At the time Emmie hardly knew that these sights which had now lost all strangeness for her, made any impression on her senses; she scarcely noticed them, but afterwards she recalled each one vividly and jealously, painting them in a glory borrowed from her own thoughts as she sat waiting for Wynyard's return. A rapturous calm, born of certainty, of content following upon the startled joy of the preceding moment, possessed her during that little space of time, and caused the objects associated with it to remain forever in her memory like scenes from another world. The bridge was empty for a minute after the disappearance of the mulet, but now the people began to flock out of church towards it; children shouting and running, old women hobbling on crutches. M. le Curé in shovel hat and cassock, slowly emerges from the porch and takes the road to the bridge, instead of turning towards his own house. Madelon will wait a little while longer, Emmie thinks, if he is disposed for a walk in the *place* before he goes home;

and then her attention is distracted from M. le Curé. A vehicle, not a *charrette*, but a covered travelling-carriage, appears at the turn of the road close to the bridge, and the children, nay, the grown-up people, M. le Curé himself, draw up in a little crowd on the side path to get a good look at it and into it as it crosses the bridge. Travelling-carriages bearing tourists to the mountains are common enough in the summer, but it is hardly the season for them yet, and the four horses attached to this one have an air about them as if they had been driven a considerable distance in great haste. Emmie half smiles at herself for being infected by the general curiosity, and for thinking that she, too, will take a hasty glance into the travelling-carriage as it passes the *place*. Perhaps there is a bridal pair inside as happy as that expectant one who are now peeping out from the curé's door to watch for his return.

The speed of the carriage slackens now that it has passed the bridge, the driver appears to be pulling up to ask his way. What a lucky chance for all the people! M. le Curé steps forward to give the information required, and a head is thrust out from the carriage window to question him further. For a moment Emmie's eyes refused to convey an intelligible impression to her brain. It must be an illusion; but now another of her stunned senses is assailed, and she hears Uncle Rivers's voice asking in English-French the way to the farmhouse on the hill, where two English ladies are living; and another face, Alma's face, pale and grave, appears behind his putting the same question in more intelligible language.

At the first moment, as Emmie remembered with keen remorse afterwards, she did not think about home; no fear even for her mother assailed her. Her heart died down into a lump of lead into her bosom, but it was at the sight of Alma's face. That beautiful, proud face before which she herself seemed to fade into nothing, in presence of which, as it appeared just then to Emmie, her own poor little evanescent dream of joy must shrivel up and wither quite away. What would it cost Alma to take it all up and with a word or a look crush out its life?

After all, it was but for an instant. Emmie heard her own name called from the carriage before she had really had time for more than one thought about herself, and as she sprang up and hurried towards her uncle, something in his face awoke a fear that swallowed up all other thoughts. Un-

cle Rivers would not look at her like that, unless he had some very bad news from Saville Street to tell her. Sir Francis sprang from the carriage and took her in his arms when they met.

"Mamma, is it mamma?—oh, not mamma!" she whispered into his kind, sympathizing face.

"No, not that, not that, my poor, dear child," he said, trying to make his voice as reassuring as he could. "But how fortunate that we should meet you here; we were hoping to get hold of you first to have a little quiet talk without alarming your aunt suddenly. Get into the carriage, my dear. No, I am speaking the truth; your mother is in no danger, but—there has been illness. She wants you, and I have come to fetch you. You shall hear all as soon as you are in the carriage, my dear."

Alma had descended into the road after her father, and when Emmie lifted her head from her uncle's shoulder, where it had sunk for a moment, Wynyard had come out of the château, and was standing still in amazement, looking at the group by the carriage—no, it was on Alma's tall figure that his eyes were fixed, and his face wore a startled, almost dismayed expression, noticed by both Alma and Emmie even then. He came up to the carriage before it started, and spoke to Sir Francis, but Emmie threw herself far back in the carriage, and covered her face and her ears with her hands, dreading to hear the answer to his question, refusing to herself to look at him while he heard, for fear of knowing too soon. When the carriage had gone a little way down the road, however, a sudden fear of never seeing the château again seized her.

If her mother wanted her she must start on her return journey at once, that night, and she should most likely never see La Roquette again in the daylight as long as she lived. Rather to her uncle's and Alma's surprise, she jumped up and looked out of the carriage window, craning her neck to get an extended view. Wynyard was still standing at the château gate, and he waved his hand, surprised also to get another glimpse of her little white face; but it was not his figure, his last look after her, that Emmie saw and tried to fix in her memory. Alma from her side of the carriage, might be looking too. It was the twilight scene they were leaving behind she gazed at, till the carriage reached the curve of the hill. The grey château, the dark-green magnolia-trees; the village street, where the children stood in groups staring after the carriage; the winding

river with its tall canes, and old stone bridge; and the red church among the quinces and olives, crowning the eminence beyond—"The place where I have been happy," Emmie said to herself, with a great foreboding cry of her heart, as it lessened and lessened in the distance.

"And now, uncle," she whispered, sinking back into her seat, when they had passed the curve of the hill, "tell me why it is that mamma wants me, I should like to know at once."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SERPENT IN THE GARDEN.

SIR FRANCIS RIVERS stayed one night at the *maisonnette*, and started on his return journey with Emmie early on the following morning. They were to take the train at the nearest station, and by travelling day and night hoped to reach London on the morning fixed for Mr. West's funeral.

"Poor little Emmie!" Sir Francis said to Alma, who had come down early to give him breakfast before he started, "it will be a dismal change for her, she seems to have been making herself very happy here, and very useful to your mother, and I don't like dragging her away to such a miserable state of things as she will find in Saville Street. But her arrival just before the funeral will be a comfort to her poor mother. Urquhart urged it, and, after all, she must, poor child! face the desolation some time. She is bearing it well, you say, and seems tolerably composed and reasonable this morning—no tears or hysterics, eh?" Sir Francis asked, with a puzzled anxiety, not feeling, in spite of his compassion for Emmie, the courage to take a very tearful companion on such a long journey; or knowing exactly how to set about the task of comforting poor West's daughter, if she should say things in praise of her father that he could not by any means agree to.

"You need not be afraid, papa," said Alma, "Emmie is very quiet, and says little even to me. I don't think you will find her difficult to manage on the journey; perhaps I had better go now, and see that mamma does not detain her with a long good-by. I have all your directions, have I not? You decided that the journey to Clette, as arranged by Madame de Florimel, might as well be carried out by mamma and me?"

"Yes, if you think it best to take your mother away from this house in a few days."

"I am sure of it—mamma will never

like the place again after hearing such news here; there is nothing for her but change of scene when she is in low spirits."

"Yes, and I am glad that you will have companions to help in rousing your mother—otherwise I should be almost as sorry for you, my dear, as I am for Emmie. Your mother is—it is better to say it out—apt to be a little unreasonable when she is unhappy, and she seems bent this morning on taking poor West's death as an argument for proving her own state of health to be worse than was supposed. Nothing I urge to the contrary seems to make the slightest impression. However you know how to bear with her, Alma, and are perhaps less likely to be tempted to argue the point than I am; though, to be sure, I ought to have learned the uselessness of reasoning with her by this time of our lives. The change, and Madame de Florimel's society, will at all events divert your mother's thoughts for a while, and if she does not recover her spirits in a week or two, or Clette does not suit her, I must make a push to come out to you, when affairs in Saville Street have shaped themselves a little, and I can get away from my work again. Meanwhile you must write often to me, Alma—ah! there is the crack of the driver's whip. The carriage is coming up to the door. You had better go and bring poor little Emmie down, I think—there is no time to lose."

Alma found Emmie fully equipped, and her packages neatly strapped ready for the journey. Tearless too, with nothing about her that need have made the greatest dreader of emotion object to her company; yet with a quiet despair in her eyes, which struck Alma as altogether too sad even under the circumstances, for she could not bring herself to see Mr. West in the light of a very irreparable loss, let him be ever so much one's father.

Emmie was standing by the dressing-table when Alma entered, taking some flowers from a vase, and laying them together with very trembling fingers.

"Let me help you," Alma said, "you can hardly hold them; but do you think it worth while to take flowers on such a long journey as you are starting upon? They will be dead long before you get to London."

"Yes, I know," said Emmie, in the same quiet, dull voice in which she had answered all Alma's remarks since she came. "I know they will die directly, but—" She did not finish her sentence, but she did not yield the half faded branch of quince blossom she held to Alma's hand,

stretched out to take it away — her fingers seemed to cling to it, and in spite of their trembling, she finished making up her bouquet without letting her cousin touch the flowers. Alma was satisfied that she would not be a very helpless travelling companion for her father, in spite of that look of overpowering pain in her eyes. She had more self-command and strength of will than one would give her credit for, to look at her.

Lady Rivers was, of course, vociferous in her lamentations when Emmie went to wish her good-by, and Sir Francis had to come up-stairs at the last possible minute and carry her off, leaving Alma to soothe her mother as best she might.

Except a distant glimpse of the carriage as it wound down the hill, Alma saw no more of the travellers, but she heard many stray scraps of news of them during the long tedious days that followed. Whenever she came across any of the people belonging to the farm, they stopped her to impart some piece of intelligence that had travelled up the hill, and was being circulated through the neighborhood by some lucky person who had caught a passing glimpse of Emmie's face or figure, as the carriage drove through the village. The further away from La Roquette that the glimpse had been obtained, the more valuable it was held to be, and the greater interest was attached to a full account of it. As the days passed, and the interest did not diminish, Alma felt bewildered, not knowing how to reconcile this universal occupation of a whole neighborhood about Emmie West with the family opinion of her insignificance.

"That poor sweet mademoiselle," *la fermière* began, seating herself by Alma's side in the porch on the last evening before her departure, and talking as familiarly to her as if she had been Emmie — "that dear Mademoiselle Emmé, the whole neighborhood is desolated at her having been carried away from us so suddenly, and for so sad a cause. The other night at the dance at Père Babou's some one brought in the sad news among the wedding-guests, and it was one exclamation of regret, one cry of sorrow. Madelon, the bride of to-morrow, wept; oh! how she wept, in spite of the bad omen of tears at a betrothal feast; and her lover could not chide her, for he was almost as bad himself. It was terrible! and then Madame la Comtesse and her English relation who were to have assisted at the wedding to-morrow, with Mademoiselle Emmé, only to imagine what their feelings

must be to-day! Very little sleep they had we may be sure on that sad night when the news came, hardly more than the dear Mademoiselle Emmé herself, who looked so white, so white on the morning she left us, and who yet stopped to kiss little Jean Baptiste at the last moment — when she was getting into the carriage. After that, as far as one hears, she took no notice of any one. *Le gros* Jean who was working by the roadside five miles from La Roquette that morning, affirms, indeed, that the carriage passed him closely, and that Mademoiselle Emmé made him a sign of farewell from the window; but still it is well known that while she was in the village she never looked out — no, not even when the carriage passed the château, though madame herself was standing out at the gate, longing — so Joseph Marie tells us — for a look, or a word. Well, well, the world goes round; and it is now a funeral, and now a wedding that one is hurried towards. But that dear demoiselle — to have seen her and the relation of madame, as they passed through that little gate in the rose hedge, on their way to the valley three days ago. Hold, mademoiselle, I was watching them from the window of my dairy down there, and certainly it was not of death and misfortune one was reminded in looking at them. The one as beautiful as the other — as I ventured to tell madame not twelve hours after, she laughed like this, but bah! mademoiselle wishes to be alone" — and *la fermière* at last gathered up her knitting, and walked off to her own end of the house. Alma quite understood the unfavorable comparisons between herself and Mamselle Emmie that the good woman made as she went.

Still, with all these distractions, how long the days of preparation were to Alma! Her heart was heavy and anxious, and yet she could not help feeling irritated instead of sympathetic with her mother's constant wailings, which always seemed poured out over the least legitimate causes of complaint. She racked her brains for consolatory remarks, and found all her efforts useless, since nothing but a direct assurance that she would marry Horace Kirkman without delay, and undertake that his father should make the fortunes of all the West orphans — would satisfy her mother's requirements, or give her the only comfort she would accept. Under the guise of complaint and condolence a wearying contest of wills went on all day long, and Alma had no time to give to anticipations of the mountain journey and the

companionship it would bring her into, till late on the last evening, when Lady Rivers had fallen asleep; and she sat for more than an hour at the window in Emmie's little bedroom, listening to the song of a nightingale that from the rose hedge was filling the garden with melody.

Her spirits rose under this soothing influence, and she found her thoughts straying far away from the Wests' troubles, and complacency with her present situation creeping in. Three days out of her old life given back to her (that she thought was going to happen); three days out of her youth, before ambition and worldly councils had spoiled her; three days of complete forgetfulness of the Kirkmans, three days of such interchange of thought and sympathy as, she believed, for her, could only be had with one person, and that must never be tasted again. That, at all events, she might hope for, to say nothing of possibilities arising from these, which, in the hush of the soft night looked quite near and easy of attainment.

The first day's journey was to be an easy one, and the start was not to take place till after twelve o'clock, as Madame de Florimel had an engagement in the morning, and Lady Rivers wished to await the arrival of the post which might bring news of the travellers. This would be the last opportunity of receiving letters for some days, and Alma, having heard of the uncertainty of the *facteur's* movements, came out into the porch once or twice during the early morning to watch for his approach as Emmie had so often done.

She was in much better spirits this morning, and more sociably inclined towards the inmates of the farm when they came up to her, for things were altogether looking brighter. Lady Rivers had slept well, and was equal to taking an interest in the packing, and in the prospect of the mountain drive; and besides Joseph Marie had been to the *maisonnette* with a message from madame long before the English inhabitants of the best rooms were awake, and Alma felt sure that if there had been a departure from the château yesterday, Madame Dallon would have told her of it the first thing when she came up into the porch, to point out the road down which the *facteur* might soon be seen approaching, and which they were to follow for the first stage of their journey.

"A hot drive they would have in the middle of the day, to-day," Madame Dallon waited to remark. "But what would you have? Madame could not disappoint the good Claires of her presence at their

daughter's wedding this morning. Yes, the wedding that is going on precisely at this moment in the church down there. If mademoiselle had been up a little earlier and had chosen to climb the brow of the hill and stand under that clump of fig-trees, she might have seen madame, and monsieur her English relation, and M. le Curé crossing the *place* on their way to church. Alas, that Mademoiselle Emmé should not be one of that party! Stay—this piece of orange-blossom; mademoiselle sees how fine it is? It is from a tree that Jean Baptiste calls his own, and he had flattered himself, the poor child, to present a bouquet to his dear Mademoiselle Emmé this morning; and now, for want of better he has stuck it here in his mother's cap. Hark! the bell—that is the signal that mass is half over, and in another ten minutes or so the procession will be leaving the church. Will mademoiselle come to the fig-trees, or will she wait here and take in the letters should the *facteur* pass within the next quarter of an hour?"

Alma smilingly declined the scramble up hill, and her companion, overjoyed to be set at liberty, ran off, shaking the spray of orange-blossom from her head on to the path as she ran. Alma took the trouble of going to pick it up, and then stood still for a minute or two turning her head to catch the faint tinkling of bells far below in the valley which the soft wind brought at intervals to her ear. A swift little joy-note, now clear, now faint, now dying away, and again sounding a *réveil* to gladness and hope. But for that, the house and garden were intensely still, for Lady Rivers and her maid were busy in the upper story, and all the other inhabitants had betaken themselves to the point of observation under the fig-trees.

As Alma mounted the steps again, it flashed into her mind that this was the day when she was to have gone to Hurlingham with the Kirkmans and a party of great people whom poor Mrs. Kirkman would be puzzled to entertain without her help. Horace would have been coming to fetch her soon, and she would have been at her toilette just now hard at work, really interested and anxious to shine forth among the guests, and make the doubtful entertainment a splendid success by the sheer force of her social gifts and fascinations. A splendid dress, a present from old Mr. Kirkman, for the occasion, which Alma blushed to think she had accepted willingly, was hanging up useless in her wardrobe at this moment. Would there ever come another suitable occasion for her to

wear it, or was she really, *really* going during this journey to bid good-by to that part of her life, — to the side of her character that loved it, — forever?

She crossed her arms on the balcony at the top of the steps, and fixed her eyes on the point of the road where she expected the postman to appear, but her thoughts were soon too busy for observation. She wondered over the strange interweaving of lots: joy to one, grief to another, that go to make up life. What a great many people's loss and trouble had it not taken to buy this chance of a new decision for her, and the tranquil, bright days during which it would be possible for her to make it! Poor little Emmie West, was she thinking of the contrast, too? The very flower in Alma's bosom, whose strong fragrance forced itself on her notice through her reverie, was Emmie's by right. It had budded for Emmie, and now it was breathing its full-blown perfume into her face. Yes, it was strange how things were ordered. Alma's thoughts wound round and round this question, touching it and straying a little beyond her own personal concerns to grapple with the problem why benefit to one should, as it seemed, be bought by loss to another; but she did not, as Emmie might have done, turn her perplexity into a prayer. Serious thought with her was more prone to exhale itself in half-discontented speculation than to turn into prayers, though at that moment, as she remembered afterwards, there was a whisper in her conscience urging her to send up one cry for light and guidance in what she felt was likely to be a turning-point of her life; one prayer that she might not be allowed to make a cruel use of other people's sorrow, and put her foot upon another's life to reach what she wanted for herself. It was a little whisper, not so distinct to her mental ear as the tinkling of the joy-bell in the valley, and it sank into silence soon when it was not heeded.

She was roused from her absorption by a voice addressing her, and turning round, she saw that the postman (who must have passed down the road unseen by her) was mounting the steps with a packet of letters in his hands. He would not let her take them till he had delivered himself of a long explanation of his reasons for leaving the letters for the château with her, as well as those addressed to the *maisonnette*.

"Was not madame coming up the hill in half an hour?" he asked, smiling, and pointing to a spray of orange-blossom in his buttonhole. "Yes, he too was a wed-

ding-guest, though unluckily too late for the ceremony. If the young lady would only relieve him of the last contents of his bag — this great bundle of letters for the château — he should be at liberty to return through the bosquet and join in welcoming the bridal party at the orange-tree house on their return from church."

From The Contemporary Review.

THE POSITION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

AFTER the Spartan women,* we should naturally discuss the position and influence of women among the Athenians. But a singular phenomenon chronologically anterior arrests our attention. The Spartan constitution remained nearly in the same condition from the ninth century to the fourth. Our knowledge of the life of the Athenian women relates mainly to the fifth and later centuries. In the seventh and sixth occurred the movement among women to which I allude. Unfortunately many features of it are obscure. The ancients did not feel much interest in it, and the records in which its history was contained have nearly all perished. The centre of the movement was the poetess Sappho. She of herself would deserve a passing notice in any account of ancient women, for she attained a position altogether unique. She was the only woman in all antiquity whose productions by universal consent placed her on the same level as the greatest poets of the other sex. Solon, on hearing one of her songs sung at a banquet, got the singer to teach it to him immediately, saying that he wished to learn it and die.† Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, refer to her in terms of profound respect. Plato called her the tenth Muse. And Strabo seems to express the opinion of antiquity when he says that she was something quite wonderful; "for we do not know," he says,‡ "in the whole period of time of which there is any record, the appearance of a single woman that could rival her, even in a slight degree, in respect of poetry."

This woman determined to do her utmost to elevate her sex. The one method of culture open to women at that time was poetry. There was no other form of literature, and accordingly she systematically trained her pupils to be poets, and to weave

* LIVING AGE, No. 1817, p. 106.

† Stob. 29, 53.

‡ xiii. c. 2, sect. 3.

into verse the noblest maxims of the intellect and the deepest emotions of the heart. Young people with richly endowed minds flocked to her from all quarters, and formed a kind of woman's college.

There can be no doubt that these young women were impelled to seek the society of Sappho from disgust with the low drudgery and monotonous routine to which women's lives were sacrificed, and they were anxious to rise to something nobler and better. We learn this from Sappho herself. It is thus that she addresses an uneducated woman:—

Dying thou shalt lie in the tomb, and there shall be no remembrance of thee afterwards, for thou partakest not of the roses of Pieria: yea, undistinguished shalt thou walk in the halls of Hades, fluttering about with the pithless dead.

And one of her most distinguished pupils, Erinna, who died at the early age of nineteen, sang in her poem "The Distaff" the sorrows of a girl whom her mother compelled to work at the loom and the distaff while she herself longed to cultivate the worship of the Muses.

Did she attempt any other innovation in regard to the position of women? What did she think were the relations which ought to subsist between the one sex and the other? These are questions that we should fain wish we could answer; but history remains silent, and we can only form conjectures from isolated facts and statements. A late Greek writer, Maximus Tyrius, compares her association with young women to the association which existed between Socrates and young men. It has to be remembered that even in Sparta the men were thrown into very close and continual intimacy; and that this was still more the case in other states where the women were kept in strict confinement. Even in Sparta the men dined together alone; they were often away on military expeditions for whole months together, and men were the instructors of the youths. In this way passionate intimacies arose between old and young, the old man striving to instruct his favorite youth in all manly and virtuous exercises, and the young man serving and protecting his old friend to the best of his power. These attachments were like the loves of Jonathan and David, surpassing the love of women. It is likely that Sappho did not see why these intimacies, fraught as they were with so many advantages, should be confined to the male sex; and she strove, or at least Maximus Tyrius thought she

strove, to establish much closer connections, such strong ties of love between members of her own sex as would unite them forever in firm friendship, soothe them in the time of sorrow, and make the hours of life pass joyfully on. And her poetry expresses an extraordinary strength and warmth of affection. Just as Socrates almost swoons at the sight of the exquisite beauty of an Athenian youth, so Sappho trembles all over when she gazes on her lovely girls. And she weaves all the beauties of nature into the expression of the depth of her emotion. She seems to have had a rarely intense love of nature. The bright sun, the moon and the stars, the music of birds, the cool river, the shady grove, Hesperus, and the golden-sandalled dawn—all are to her ministers of love, of this intense love for her poetical pupils, for one of whom she says she would not take the whole of Lydia. But though this association may have been one great object, it cannot be affirmed that she formed any idea of making the love of women a substitute for the love of men. Some of her girls unquestionably married, and Sappho composed their hymeneal songs. She entered into their future destinies and sympathized with them throughout their career, following them to the grave with the sad lament which they only can utter who have felt intensely the joys of life, and see in death the entrance to a cold, shadowy, and pithless existence.

It is possible that she may have ventured on new opinions as to the nature of marriage. When we come to treat of Athens, we shall see that the restrictions on marriage in the ancient world were of the sternest and most narrow character. Her Lesbian countrywomen enjoyed considerable liberty, and Heraclides Ponticus says that they were daring and bold. But they were surrounded by Ionians among whom the position of women was almost servile. Sappho may have opened her home to the girls who were tired of such close restriction, and may have counselled marriage from choice. Probably this circumstance would account for the treatment which the character of Sappho received in subsequent times, for all women who have dared to help forward the progress of their sex, and all men who have boldly aided them, have almost uniformly been slandered and reviled in all ages.* All the notices which we have of her from contemporary or nearly contemporary sources

* "To attack a woman's reputation is the ready resort of the blockhead who is jealous of her talents."—*Missa Cornuwallis*.

speak of her in high terms of praise. Alcaeus, her fellow-townsmen, sings of her as "the violet-crowned, chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho," and approaches her in verses which imply a belief in her purity. Herodotus tells how she bitterly rebuked a brother who squandered all his money on a beautiful courtesan. Her fellow-citizens honored her by stamping her figure upon their coins,—"honored her," says Aristotle, "though she was a woman." And the fragments of her own poems bear testimony to the same fact. They show, indeed, the warm blood of a southern girl who has no concealments. If she loves, she tells it in verses that vibrate with emotion, that tremble with passion. And she was no prude. Like the rest of her sex of that day, she thought that it was woman's destiny to love, and that the woman who tried to resist the impulse of the god tried an impossible feat. But there is not one line to show that she fell in love with any man. She may have done so, she probably did so, but there is no clear proof. There is only one reference to a man, and it is most likely that she is celebrating not her own passion, but the love of one of her girls. And if she wrote many a hymn to the golden-throned Aphrodite, she wrote also hymns to the chaste Artemis, and prayed to the chaste graces.

But when we pass from her contemporaries to the Athenian comic writers, all is changed. No less than six comedies, written by six different poets, bore her name and exhibited her loves, and four other plays probably treated the same subject. In these she was represented as loving a poet who died before she was born, and two poets who were born after she died. But especially she fell into an infatuated love at the age of fifty for a kind of mythological young man who was gifted by Aphrodite with the power of driving any woman he liked into desperation for him. Old Sappho became desperate according to these poets, and plunged into the sea to cool this mad passion; but whether she ever reached the bottom, no comic poet or subsequent historian has vouchsafed to tell us. All these villanous stories, which gathered vileness till, as Philareté Chasles remarks, they reached a climax in Pope, seem to me indicative that she ventured on some bold innovations in regard to her own sex which shocked the Athenian mind. And perhaps confirmation is added to this by a reliable inscription that she was banished and fled to Sicily. She may, indeed, have taken part in some of the numerous politi-

cal movements which agitated her native island, but it seems more likely that she would give offence by trying to strike off some of the restrictions which in her opinion harassed or degraded her sex.*

We come now to the Athenians. The phenomenon that presents itself here is as peculiar and striking as anything we have yet examined. In Athens we find two classes of women who were not slaves. There was one class who could scarcely move a step from their own rooms, and who were watched and restricted in every possible way. There was another class on whom no restrictions whatever were laid, who could move about and do whatever seemed good in their own eyes. And the unrestricted would in all probability have exchanged places with the restricted, and many of the restricted envied the freedom of the other members of their sex. We proceed to the explanation of this phenomenon.

First of all the ancient idea of a State has to be firmly kept in mind. The ancient Greeks did not dream, as we have said, of any political constitution more extensive than a city. Athens was the largest of these city-States in Greece, and yet it probably never numbered more than thirty thousand citizens. These citizens, according to the Greek idea, were all connected by ties of blood more or less distant; they all had the same divine ancestor; they all worshipped the same gods in the same temples, and they possessed many rights, properties, and privileges in common. It was therefore of supreme importance that in the continuation of the State only true citizens should be admitted, and accordingly the general principle was laid down that none could become citizens but those whose fathers and mothers had been the children of citizens. From this it followed the utmost care should be taken that no spurious offspring should be palmed upon the State. The women could not be trusted in this matter to their own sense of propriety. It was natural for a woman to love. Even men were powerless before irresistible love, and much less self-control could be expected from weak women. Means must therefore be devised to prevent the possibility of anything going wrong, and ac-

* The controversy about Sappho's character between Welcker and Col. Mure is well known. Welcker's "*Kleine Schriften*" contain several essays on her, in addition to his famous defence. There is a very good essay on her and her times in Koehly's "*Akademische Vorträge*."

cordingly the citizen-women had special apartments assigned to them, generally in the upper story, that they might have to come down-stairs, and men might see them if they ventured out. Then they were forbidden to be present at any banquet. The men preferred to dine by themselves, rather than expose their wives to their neighbor's gaze. And in order to defy all possibility of temptation, the women must wrap up every part of their bodies. In addition to these external arrangements, laws were passed such as might deter the most venturesome. A citizen woman could have almost* no other association with a citizen than marriage. The most transient forcible connection imposed the duty of marriage, or was followed by severe penalties. And she could not marry any but a citizen. Association with a stranger never could become a marriage. And after she was married, infidelity was punished with the most terrible disgrace. Her husband was compelled to send her away. No man could marry her again; for if any one ventured on such a course, he was thereby disfranchised. She was practically expelled from society, and excommunicated. If she appeared in a temple, any one could tear her dress off, and maltreat her to any extent with impunity, provided he stopped short of killing her. Her accomplice also might be put to death, if the husband caught him. Restrictions of the most stringent nature and punishments the most terrible were employed to keep the citizenship pure. To help further to realize the position of the Athenian wife, we have to add that she was generally married about the age of fifteen or sixteen. Up to this time she had seen and heard as little as possible, and had inquired about nothing.† Her acquaintance with the outside world had been made almost exclusively in religious processions. "When I was seven years of age," say the chorus of women in the "Lysistrata,"‡ "I carried the mystic box in procession; then when I was ten I ground the cakes for our patron goddess, and then, clad in a saffron-colored robe, I was the bearer at the Brauronian festival; and I carried the sacred basket when I became a beautiful girl." Such were the great external events in the life of a high-born

Athenian maid. When she married, her life was not much more varied. Her duties lay entirely within the house. They were summed up in the words, "to remain inside and to be obedient to her husband." She superintended the female slaves who carded the wool; she made or assisted in making the garments of her husband and children; she had charge of the provisions; and she was expected to devote some time to the infants. If she went out at all, it was to some religious procession or to a funeral, and if old she might occasionally visit a female friend and take breakfast with her, or help her in some hour of need. For the discharge of the duties which fell to an Athenian woman no great intellectual power was needed, and accordingly the education of girls was confined to the merest elements.

Such was the treatment of Athenian women: what were the results? One can easily perceive that there was very little of love-making before marriage. A girl of thirteen or fourteen preparing for a life of sewing, spinning, provision-getting, and child-nursing is not generally an object of much attraction to grown-up men. The romantic element is decidedly deficient. And then even if there had been some romantic element, the young men had no opportunities of free intercourse. Accordingly matches were managed to a large extent by old women, who were allowed to go from house to house, and who explained to the young woman the qualities of the young man, and to the young man the qualities of the young woman. A marriage concluded in such a way might or might not be happy, but there could be little ideal love about it. Nor is there any reason to believe that the Athenians were very fond of their wives. They liked them if they managed their houses economically, and had healthy children, especially sons. But they were absent from them the most part of the day, they did not discuss with them subjects of the highest moment, they did not share with them their thoughts and aspirations. The domestic sentiment was feeble: this comes out in various ways. One instance will suffice. Sophocles presents one of his characters as regretting the loss of a brother or sister much more than that of a wife. If the wife dies you can get another, but if a brother or sister dies and the mother is dead, you can never get another brother or sister. The one loss is easily reparable, the other is irreparable. This state of matters had a powerful effect on the wives. Many of them consoled

* It seems to have been possible for an Athenian to take a free Athenian woman as a concubine; but the rights of such concubines and children, and indeed the whole subject, are involved in difficulties. See Van den Es: "*De Jure Familiarum apud Athenienses*."

† Xen. *Æc.* iii. 13; vii. 5.

‡ v. 641.

themselves in their loneliness with copious draughts of unmixed wine. They often made assignations through their slaves, and were fond of stealing out of the house whenever they could find an opportunity. And faithlessness, though the punishment was so terrible, was not uncommon. In fact their human nature could not bear the strain laid upon it. No doubt there were many among them who were good and faithful wives, and we must not always judge southern girls by our northern constitutions of body and soul. I have known a Greek girl who attained to peerless beauty before she was fourteen. Every feature was perfect, her dark eyes twinkled at one time with the wildest merriment, at another gazed with a strange and weird-like melancholy as if into infinite darkness. She could speak fluently four languages, and she had read largely in the literatures of each. And when I came upon her in her sad melancholy moods, she would tell me that she was puzzled with the mystery of life and was wondering what it all meant. I have no doubt there were many such girls in old Athens, and many an Athenian wife could discuss the highest subjects with her husband. In fact it is scarcely possible to conceive that such a marvellous crop of remarkable men, renowned in literature and art, could have arisen, if all the Athenian mothers were ordinary housewives. But circumstances certainly were exceedingly unfavorable to them; and though there never was in the history of the world such a numerous race of great thinkers, poets, sculptors, painters, and architects, in one city at one time as in Athens, not one Athenian woman ever attained to the slightest distinction in any one department of literature, art, or science. "Great," says Pericles, in the famous funeral oration which Thucydides * puts into his mouth, "is the glory of that woman who is least talked of amongst the men, either in the way of praise or blame." And this glory the Athenian women attained to perfection.

We pass from the citizen-women of Athens to the other class of free women — the strangers. A stranger had no right or privileges in any of the ancient States. Any justice that he might obtain could be gained only by the friendly services of some citizen. If this was true of the man-stranger, it was also true of the woman-stranger. She was not entitled to the protection of the city-State. No laws were made for her benefit. She had to look

after her own interests herself or get some man to do it for her by her own arts of persuasion. The one object that the State kept before it in regard to these stranger-women was to see to it that they did not in any way corrupt the purity of the citizen blood. The statesmen thought that great dangers might arise from their presence in a community. Political peril might threaten the very existence of the State if strangers, with strange traditions and foreign interests, were to take even the slightest part in the management of public affairs. And the gods might be fearfully insulted and inflict dreadful vengeance if any one of these stranger-women were to find her way into the secret recesses of ancestral worship and perform some of the sacred functions which only the citizen-women could perform. The Spartans accordingly did not permit any strangers, male or female, to reside in their city. These strangers might come to certain festivals for a few days, but the period of their stay was strictly limited. Athens pursued a different policy. She was a commercial city. She was at the head, and ultimately ruler, of a large confederacy of Greek States which sent their taxes to her. Besides, the city itself was full of attractions for the stranger, with its innumerable works of art, its brilliant dramatic exhibitions, its splendid religious processions, its gay festivals, its schools of philosophy, and its keen political life. Athens could not exclude strangers. It had therefore to take the most stringent precautions that this concourse of strangers should not corrupt the pure citizen blood. Accordingly laws were enacted which prohibited any citizen-man from marrying a stranger-woman or any stranger-man from marrying a citizen-woman. If the stranger man or woman ventured on such a heinous offence any one could inform against him or her. The culprit was seized, all his or her property was confiscated, and he or she was sold into slavery. The citizen man or woman involved in such an offence had to suffer very severe penalties. The stranger-woman therefore could not marry. Marriage was the only sin that they could commit politically in the eye of an Athenian statesman. They might do anything else that they liked. Now it is not conceivable that in such circumstances a numerous class of women would betake themselves to perpetual virginity. If any one had propounded such a sentiment the Greek mind would have recoiled from it as unnatural, and plainly contrary to the will of the gods. And accordingly these women

might form any other connections with men, temporary or permanent, except marriage, and the Greek saw nothing in this but the ordinary outcome of human nature under the peculiar circumstances of the case. Besides, in Athens a special sphere lay open for them to fill. The citizen-women were confined to their houses, and did not dine in company with the men. But the men refused to limit their associations with women to the house. They wished to have women with them in their walks, in their banquets, in their military expeditions. The wives could not be with them then, but there was no constraint on the stranger-women. The Greek men did not care whether the offspring of stranger-women was pure or not. It mattered not either to the State or to religion. There was no reason for confining them. And accordingly they selected these stranger-women as their companions, and "hetaira," or companion, was the name by which the whole class was designated. Thus arose a most unnatural division of functions among the women of those days. The citizen-women had to be mothers and housewives — nothing more; the stranger-women had to discharge duties of companions, but remain outside the pale of the privileged and marriageable class. These stranger-women applied their minds to their function, with various ideas of it, and various methods. Many adopted the lowest possible means of gaining the goodwill of men; but many set about making themselves fit companions for the most intellectual and most elevated among men.

They were the only educated women in Athens. They studied all the arts, became acquainted with all new philosophical speculations, and interested themselves in politics. Women who thus cultivated their minds were sure to gain the esteem of the best men in Greece. Many of them also were women of high moral character, temperate, thoughtful, and earnest, and were either unattached or attached to one man, and to all intents and purposes married. Even if they had two or three attachments, but behaved in other respects with temperance and sobriety, such was the Greek feeling in regard to their peculiar position, that they did not bring down upon themselves any censure from even the sternest of Greek moralists. One of these women came to Athens when Socrates was living, and he had no scruple in conversing with her on her art and discussing how she could best procure true friends. And, in fact, these were almost the only Greek women who exhibited what was best and

noblest in woman's nature. One of these, Diotima of Mantinea,* must have been a woman of splendid mind, for Socrates speaks of her as his teacher in love, when he gives utterance, in the "Symposium," to the grandest thoughts in regard to the true nature and essence of divine and eternal beauty. Almost every one of the great men of Athens had such a companion, and these women seem to have sympathized with them in their high imaginations and profound meditations. Many of them were also courageously true to their lovers. When the versatile Alcibiades had to flee for his life, it was a "companion" that went with him,† and, being present at his end, performed the funeral rites over him. But of all these women there is one that stands prominently forward as the most remarkable woman of antiquity, Aspasia of Miletus. We do not know what circumstance induced her to leave her native city Miletus. Plutarch suggests that she was inflamed by the desire to imitate the conduct of Thargelia, another Milesian, who gained a position of high political importance by using her persuasive arts on the Greeks whom she knew, to win them over to the cause of the king of Persia. This may have been the case, but a good deal that is said about Aspasia must be received with considerable scepticism. Like Sappho, she became the subject of comedies, but, unlike Sappho, she was bitterly attacked by the comic poets and others during her lifetime. The later Greek writers were in the habit of setting down the jests of the comic writers as veritable history, and modern commentators and historians have not been entirely free from this practice. Whatever brought her to Athens, certain it is that she found her way there, and became acquainted with the great statesman Pericles. She made a complete conquest of him. He was at the time married, but there was incompatibility of temper between him and his wife. Pericles therefore made an agreement with his wife to have a divorce, and get her married to another, and so they separated to the satisfaction of both. He then took Aspasia as his companion, and there is no good reason for supposing that they were not entirely faithful to each other, and lived as husband and wife till death separated

* Some have affirmed Diotima to be a fiction of Plato (Mähly, *Die Frauen des Griechischen Alterthums*, p. 14), but this supposition has been amply refuted: Stallbaum on the *Symposium*, p. 120. D. Otto Jahn collects all the references to Diotima by ancient writers in his edition of the *Symposium*.

† Timandra, Plut. Alc. c. 30.

them. Of course husband and wife they could not be according to Athenian law, but Pericles treated her with all the respect and affection which were due to a wife. Plutarch tells us, as an extraordinary trait in the habits of a statesman who was remarkable for imperturbability and self-control, that he regularly kissed Aspasia when he went out and came in. Her house became the resort of all the great men of Athens. Socrates was often there. Phidias and Anaxagoras were intimate acquaintances; and probably Sophocles and Euripides were in constant attendance. Indeed, never had any woman such a *salon* in the whole history of man. The greatest sculptor that ever lived, the grandest man of all antiquity, philosophers and poets, sculptors and painters, statesmen and historians, met each other and discussed congenial subjects in her rooms. And probably hence has arisen the tradition that she was the teacher of Socrates in philosophy and politics, and of Pericles in rhetoric.* Her influence was such as to stimulate men to do their best, and they attributed to her all that was best in themselves. Aspasia seems especially to have thought earnestly on the duties and destiny of women. The cultivated men who thronged her assemblies had no hesitation in breaking through the conventionalities of Athenian society, and brought their wives to the parties of Aspasia, and she discussed with them the duties of wives. She thought that they should strive to be something more than mere mothers and housewives. She urged them to cultivate their minds, and be in all respects fit companions for their husbands. Unfortunately we know very little more. Did she come to any definite conclusion as to the functions of woman? It is difficult to say. The hints are very obscure. But in all probability the conclusion to which she came was that neither man nor woman can adequately perform their mission in life separately, that a man can never do his best without the inspiration and support of a congenial woman, and that woman should seek her work in vigorous and sympathetic co-operation with some congenial man. Probably Plato has put into the mouth of Aristophanes the sentiments which the philosopher had heard often in the Socratic circles, which regarded Aspasia as their instructress in those matters. Referring to the myth that man was split in two, and

that his two halves go in search of each other, he says,* "For my part, I now affirm, in reference to all human beings, both men and women, that our race would become happy if we were able to carry out our love perfectly, and each one were to obtain his own special beloved, thus returning to his original nature. And if this is best, the best in present circumstances is to come as near as possible to this, and this occurs when we obtain the beloved that is by nature meet for us." There is no reason to suppose that Aspasia had any romantic notions in regard to love or the destiny of woman. She was, on the whole, practical, and thought that woman should find her satisfaction in work not in dreams. She did not imagine that one could have only one love, and that if she did not get that, or lost it, she should repine and turn from life. She was in the world to be an active being, and accordingly when Pericles died, she formed a connection with Lysicles, a sheep-seller, believing him to be the best subject she could obtain, and made him, though not a bright man, the foremost politician in Athens for a time.†

The entire activity of Aspasia, her speculations, her intercourse with men whose opinions were novel and daring, and who were believed, like Anaxagoras and Socrates, to be unsparing innovators; her own hold over the noblest married women in Athens, and her introduction of greater social liberty among them, were all calculated to outrage the conventional spirit. Almost all the prominent members of her coterie were assailed. The greatest sculptor of all ages was meanly and falsely accused of theft, and died in a prison. The outspoken Anaxagoras was charged with impiety, and had to flee. And at length Aspasia was brought to trial on the same accusation. It was easy to get up such an accusation against her. She might have visited some temple, and taken part in some religious ceremony, impelled by truly pious motives; but such an act on the part of a stranger, whatever her motives might be, would have been deemed a great impiety by orthodox Athenians; or she may have induced some Athenian citizen-ladies to go with her and engage in some foreign

* Symp. 192.

† Chronological difficulties have been suggested in the way of this statement being true (see especially a beautiful monograph on Aspasia, "*Aspasie de Milet*," par L. Becq de Fouquières, p. 342), but I do not think that the difficulties are insuperable. Müller-Strübing (Aristophanes, p. 585) has found an allusion to this connection with Lysicles in Aristophanes with greater ingenuity than success.

* The latest biographer of Pericles believes these statements, and attributes the making of Pericles and Socrates to Aspasia: *Das Perikleische Zeitalter von Adolf Schmidt*.

worship. The Athenians permitted foreigners to observe their own religious rites in their city, without let or hindrance, but they had strong objections to genuine Athenian women becoming converts to any foreign worship. The Athenian ladies did not look on religious matters with the same eyes as the men. They yearned to have the benefit of the more enthusiastic worships which came from Asia Minor; and, accordingly, if Aspasia had been inclined to lead them that way, she would no doubt have had many eager followers. Or, finally, and most probably, she may have been supposed to share the opinions of the philosophers with whom she was on such intimate terms, and to have aided and abetted their opposition to the national creed. What were the grounds of the charge we do not know. All we know is, that she was acquitted, but that she owed her acquittal to the earnest pleadings of Pericles, who on this one occasion accompanied his entreaties with tears.

There can be no doubt that Aspasia exercised a powerful political influence during her residence in Athens. This fact is assured to us by the abuse which she received from the comic poets. They called her Hera, queen of the gods, wife of Olympian Zeus, as they named Pericles. They also called her Dejanira, wife of Hercules, and the new Omphale, whom Hercules slavishly served — all pointing at the power which she had over Pericles. Aristophanes, in his "Acharnians," asserts that Pericles brought about the Peloponnesian war to take vengeance for an insult offered to Aspasia, and others affirmed that the Samian war was undertaken entirely to gratify her. These are absurd statements on the face of them, and were probably never meant to be anything else than jokes; but they render unquestionable the profound influence of Aspasia. It is probable that this influence was exercised in an effort to break down the barriers that kept the Greek city-States from each other, to create a strong Hellenic feeling, to make a compact Hellenic confederacy.* But whatever were the aims of her politics, it may be safely asserted that no woman ever exercised influence by more legitimate means. It was her goodness, her noble aims, her clear insight, that gave her the power. There was probably no adventitious circumstance to aid her. It is not likely that she was beautiful. I

think Sappho was beautiful. The comic poets said that she was little, and had a dark complexion. Littleness was incompatible with beauty in the eye of a Greek, and a dark complexion would also be against her. But all that we can gather about Sappho's form leads to the conclusion that the comic poets traduced her in this as in other matters. Plato calls her "beautiful," an expression which most have taken to refer to her poetic genius, but this interpretation is at least doubtful. A vase of the fifth century B.C., found in Girgenti, gives us representations of Alcæus and Sappho, and on these Sappho is taller than Alcæus, and exceedingly beautiful. We have also a portrait of Sappho in the coins of the Mitylenæans; and here again the face is exquisite in feature, and suggests a tall woman. If it has any defect, it is that it is rather masculine. At first one might hesitate to believe that it is the face of a woman, but there can be no doubt as to its beauty. On the other hand, no ancient writer speaks of Aspasia as beautiful. She is called the good, the wise, the eloquent, but never the beautiful. We have one bust bearing her name certainly not beautiful. It represents a comfortable, meditative woman, but I doubt very much whether it is genuine. And I am far more inclined to believe that we have a true portrait of Aspasia in a marble bust of which there are two copies, one in the Louvre and one in Berlin. The bust evidently belongs to the best times of Greek sculpture, and, as a recent writer in the *Archæologische Zeitung* argues, can well be that of no other than Aspasia. The face is not altogether beautiful according to Greek ideas. It has an expression of earnest and deep thought; but what strikes one most of all is the perplexed and baffled look which the whole face presents — as of some lifelong anguish, resulting from some contest which no mortal could wage successfully — not without a touch of exquisite sweetness, tenderness, and charity. Could it be the fight in behalf of her own sex?

If ever there was a case which might have suggested to the Athenians the propriety of extending the sphere of marriageability, surely it was this case of Aspasia. But we cannot affirm that any one thought of this. The Athenian women, even the citizens, had no political standing. They were always minors, subject to their fathers, or to their husbands, or to some male. Aristotle always classes women and children together. But such

* See especially Miss Cornwallis's able defence of Aspasia: *Letters*, p. 181.

was the force of character of these companions, or such their hold on powerful men, that not unfrequently their sons were recognized as citizens, and attained to the full rights of citizenship. This could take place in three ways. There might exist between Athens and another Greek or foreign state a right of intermarriage (*ἐννυμία*), established by treaty. Strange to say, there is no clear instance of such a treaty in the history of the Athenians. There was no such treaty between Athens and Sparta, or Argos, or Corinth, or any other of the famous towns of Greece. The privilege was indeed conferred on the Plataeans, but it was when they became citizens of Athens, and were likely in a generation or two to become undistinguishable among the rest of the Athenian citizens. A passage in Lysias* seems to intimate that the right of intermarriage was ceded to the Eubœans, but there cannot be a doubt that the passage is corrupt. The text in that part has other marks of corruption, and the entire history of the relations between Athens and Eubœa speaks strongly against the possibility of the establishment of such a treaty.† Mention is also made of the proposal of such a treaty between Athenians and Thebans in the speech of Demosthenes on the Crown,‡ but the decree is unquestionably spurious, as Grote has most conclusively shown. In that same speech a decree is quoted in which the Byzantines bestow on the Athenians the right of intermarriage, and it is likely that other States would confer the same privilege on the Athenians, but there is no proof that they ever returned the favor. A second method of rendering the son of a foreign woman legitimate was by decree of the Athenian assembly; and it was probably in this way that Pericles, the son of Aspasia, became an Athenian citizen with full rights. There was a third way, not acknowledged by law, by which many such children must have found their way into the ranks of citizens. The ordinary process by which a legitimate child came to the possession of his full rights was by his being presented by his father to the *phratría* and acknowledged by the *φράτρες* as a genuine member of their class or brotherhood. The father had to swear

that the child was his legitimate child. In many cases fathers had no difficulty in swearing that children born to them of a beloved stranger were legitimate, and the *φράτρες* doubtless winked at the deception. This was specially the practice with the aristocratic party. In earlier times there had been no such strict law as afterwards prevailed in the democratic period. Indeed, the theory seems to have been held that the blood of a mother could not affect the purity of the birth of a child, because there was really nothing of the mother in the child. She had nothing to do with the production of the child. She was merely its recipient and nurse. Æschylus has very strongly expressed this idea in the "Eumenides," and we have good reason for thinking that the opinion was held by large numbers of the aristocratic party to the end. It was Pericles that established the law that the child to be legitimate must be the son or daughter of an Athenian male citizen with full rights and an Athenian female citizen with full rights, legally betrothed to each other. It is when a distribution of corn takes place, or similar advantages are reaped, that the law is strenuously applied by the democratic party, and all the children of strangers disfranchised. But always when investigation is made many are found enjoying the privileges of citizens unchallenged, whose mothers were not genuine Athenian citizens. Themistocles was the son of a Thracian stranger, and so was the general Timotheus, according to one account. It was probably through the *φρατρία* that Sophocles got his favorite grandson through Theoris the Sicyonian, recognized as an Athenian citizen.* But though the women may have gained recognition for their children, no interest was taken in their own case, and mankind had to pay dearly for this exclusiveness.

Probably the condition of women in Athens had much to do with the decay of that city. The effort which Aspasia made to rouse the Athenian wives to higher mental efforts must have lost much of its effect after her death. The names of these wives are not to be found in history. But the influence of the companions came

* P. 920.

† See especially the recently discovered Decree of the Athenians in regard to Chalcis: *Αθήναιον*, t. v., p. 76; *Mittheilungen des Archæol. Inst. in Athens*, vol. i., p. 184; and *Revue Archéologique*, 1877, April, p. 242.

‡ P. 291.

* Some have doubted the existence of this grandson Sophocles, because an inscription was found in 1849, "Sophocles the son of Iophon" (Rangabe, *Antiq. Hell.*, ii., p. 997); but there is nothing to prevent the supposition that Sophocles had two grandsons named Sophocles. If Iophon had a son, he would naturally be called Sophocles; and if the son of Theoris had a son, Sophocles also would be the name that would certainly be given to him.

more and more into play. Almost every famous man, after this date, has one companion with whom he discusses the pursuits and soothes the evils of his life. Plato had Archeanassa, Aristotle Herpyllis, Epicurus Leontium, Isocrates Metaneira, Menander Glycera, and others in like manner. And some of them attained the highest positions. Princes can do as they like. In the earlier days of Athens, when tyrants ruled, princes frequently married foreigners. And now again princes married their companions, and several of them thus sat on thrones. The beauty of some, especially of Phryne, the most beautiful woman that ever lived, attracted the eyes of all Greece; and Apelles painted her, and Praxiteles made her the model for the Cnidian Aphrodite, the most lovely representation of woman that ever came from sculptor's chisel. And some were renowned for their musical ability, and a few could paint. They cultivated all the graces of life; they dressed with exquisite taste; they took their food, as a comic poet remarks, with refinement, and not like the citizen-women, who crammed their cheeks, and tore away at the meat. And they were witty. They also occupied the attention of historians. One writer described one hundred and thirty-three of them. Their witty sayings were chronicled and turned into verse. Their exploits were celebrated, and their beauty and attractiveness were the theme of many an epigram. But it must not be forgotten that hundreds and thousands of these unprotected women were employed as tools of the basest passions; that, finding all true love but a prelude to bitter disappointment, they became rapacious, vindictive, hypocritical ministrants of love, seeking only, under the form of affection, to ruin men, and send them in misery to an early grave. Nothing could be more fearful than the pictures which the comic poets give of some of these women. But what else could have been expected in the circumstances? There was no reason in the nature of the women themselves why they should not have been virtuous, unselfish, noble beings; but destiny was hard towards them; they had to fight a battle with dreadful odds against them. They succumbed; but which of us could have resisted?

I said a little ago that no one claimed political rights for either the citizen-women or the strangers. I must make a slight exception, and I am not sure but the exception may be owing to the influence of

Aspasia. We have seen that she was said to be the teacher of Socrates. Indeed, Socrates calls her his teacher in the "Memorabilia." She was one of the great characters in the Socratic dialogues. She appeared several times in those of Æschines; and in the "Menexenus," a Socratic dialogue, if not a Platonic, she prepares a model funeral oration. Is it not likely then that she influenced the opinions of Plato? and in the "Republic" of Plato we have the strongest assertion of the equality of woman with man. Plato, and many others with him who lived after the ruin of Athens at Ægospotami, had become discontented with the Athenian form of government, and probably with the treatment of the women. Accordingly, in his ideal State, which, however, still remained a city-State, he took for his groundwork the Spartan system of education. The state was to be all in all. He went so far as to remove the monogamy which formed the barrier in the Spartan system to communistic principles, and he recommended the same mode of gymnastic exercises for both sexes. But he went farther. He affirmed that there was no essential difference between man and woman.

"And so," he says, "in the administration of a State neither a woman as a woman nor a man as a man has any special function, but the gifts of nature are equally diffused in both sexes; all the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also, and in all of them woman is only a lesser man." "Very true." "Then are we to impose all our enactments on men and none of them on women?" "That will never do." "One woman has a gift of healing, another not; one is a musician and another is not?" "Very true." "And one woman has a turn for gymnastic and military exercises, while another is unwarlike and hates gymnastics?" "Beyond question." "And one woman is a philosopher, and another is an enemy of philosophy; one has spirit and another is without spirit?" "That is also true."*

From these premises he draws the conclusion that the women endowed with the higher gifts should have the same education as the gifted men, and that they should have the same duties, even to fighting in defence of their country, only that in the distribution of labor the lightest labors should be assigned to the women, as being naturally weaker in body. Some think that Plato's community of wives was ridiculed the same year that it was propounded, by Aristophanes, in his comedy

* Jowett, p. 285; Rep. 455.

of the "Ecclesiazusæ, or Parliament of Women," but it is more probable that the comedy was exhibited before Plato's "Republic" was written. In fact there is a likelihood that woman's position was a subject much agitated. Xenophon certainly puts into the mouth of Socrates a decided assertion of woman's equality with man. "Woman's nature," he says, "happens to be in no respect inferior to man's, but she needs insight and strength." And it is likely that many others held the same opinion, and proposed methods for elevating the position of women. It was some communistic theory of the day that Aristophanes attacked, but he was not bitter in his ridicule. It has always to be remembered that it was the business of the Dionysiac priests, as we may call the comic poets, to show the laughable side of even the most solemn things, and often little harm was meant by these merry outbursts. Aristophanes, moreover, had changed greatly from what he was in the time when in the "Acharnians" he had bitterly attacked Asia. He had become gentle to strangers. He did not dislike the Spartans and their ways. Though he said many harsh things against women, he also said many good things for them. It was through them that in the "Lysistrata" he urged on the Athenians the duty of reconciliation and peace. And now in the "Ecclesiazusæ" he gives a kindly picture of what the women would do if they had the reins of power in their hands. This was the only form of government that the Athenians had not tried, and as all the rest had notoriously failed, there could be no great harm in entrusting the women with the administration of affairs. The gentle spirit of women might prevail. And surely under such a government men would be happy. The women would see to it that there would be no poor in the city, theft and slander would cease, and all would be content. Plato's speculations and Aristophanes' fun, however, were of no use. The city-State was too small an organization for the progress of man. It was destined to give way before a more humanizing government. And so the petty States had to yield to the empire of Alexander, and with the change began a great change in the position of women. But this change had to be carried out under another and greater rule. The Romans swept over Greece and established a firmer and more comprehensive empire than that of Alexander.

JAMES DONALDSON.

* Symp. c. ii. 9.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FULFILMENT OF THE BOND.

THE next day the misadventure of Unah and Frank Tempest, with their detention on the mountain and the peril they had undergone together, was repeated all over Fearnavoil, and had travelled as far as Drumchatt. The story was by no means calculated to allay the storm of suspicion and wrath which was already rising in the young laird's breast. He took the manlier course; he repaired at once to the manse, and appealed to the minister himself for explanation and reparation.

Mrs. Macdonald had not been without an impression that the morning's walk might bring matters to a crisis—might enlighten two of the young people as to their feelings, and impel them to take some decided step in opposition to the destiny already appointed for Unah. But a crisis she had little counted upon was the immediate result.

Donald conducted himself with the dignity proper to a long line of dhuinniewasels. He did not accuse Unah to her father, he would not even have reproached herself had he seen her, which was out of the question. Unah's hours of chill in the mist had been followed, even in so hardy a girl, by a reactionary feverish attack, which, although it was no more than what might have been expected, and did not assume a serious character, made it a necessity that she should remain in her room for some days.

Donald inquired for her, a little loftily, possibly, but with due interest in her condition. He heard the particulars of the incident in which she had been involved with attention, and without making any captious objection.

He let the conversation become general for a few moments, and then he suddenly turned it, and pressed his former guardian to consent to the immediate celebration of his marriage with Unah. He said, truly, that he could not be accused of impatience, since the period of probation originally appointed to the couple was now more than fulfilled. He reminded the minister of what he was well aware, that all their friends—notably Donald's former trustees, agreed in their approval of the marriage.

He announced that he had all at once found it necessary to pull up his architect, who was going on so leisurely that he might not have done building for the next half-dozen years. Of course, a temporary suspension must have come to the work in winter, and Donald had anticipated winter by bringing the improvements to a summary close for the present, ordering the litter of material to be cleared away, and the place put into decent order till spring.

In the mean time he had still the old family rooms left, while what had been altered and added had been rendered weather-tight in the roof. He thought Unah might excuse deficiencies and come to him at once, as he was. And when spring arrived, she would be there in person to superintend the work, and suggest amendments for her own pleasure; or they might go away together, taking a few months' holiday; though, as far as he was concerned, he never cared to quit Fearnavool.

Well, there might be a little marvel at the hurrying on of the marriage in the end, but if people minded what gossip was put in circulation, why, they would have nothing else to do; their whole time would be taken up with the ungrateful task.

The minister heard the petitioner, holding the spectacles with which he had been reading between his fingers, and keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, while he listened without interruption — till the somewhat blustering reference to gossip with which Donald concluded — then Mr. Macdonald raised his mild brown eyes, not free from disturbance in their depths. But it was a disturbance which was compatible with perfect honesty, and so the listener looked the speaker full in the face.

"True, Don," he said, "those who mind gossip do the reverse of grasping their nettle," and then he freely assented to the reasonableness of Donald Drumchatt's urging the conclusion of his suit. "You have waited long enough. I do not like your remaining longer by yourself with another winter coming on, my lad. Unah is the last girl in the world to care for a grand preparation and parade for her reception. It is not as if she were a stranger, she is almost as familiar with the old place as you are. Very well, Donald, let it be as you will. Let the marriage be celebrated this autumn — there are still a few weeks of it to come and go upon; I do not think you need apprehend any strenuous objections to the shortness of the warning given at last. However, you

must leave to the ladies the exact length of time they will require for the bride's "providing." Of course you don't care though she come to you as she is — empty-handed and in an old frock. Unah has never been very fine, or ruinously expensive to her father and mother. But you must remember that, for the most part, a woman is a bride only once in her life, and we have Scripture for it, that on so important an occasion it is simply natural for her to delight in her ornaments, and adorn herself with her jewels. Unah's jewels will be of the simplest description, after all; for I cannot afford any other — and neither she nor her mother would wish me to cumber myself, and set a bad example of idle display. We must trust that my lassie is a jewel in herself. Nay, Don, I do not need you to assure me of it, keep your vows for Unah."

There was a gentle gallantry about the minister, which caused him when out at dinner, and just after the ladies had left the room, to propose their health, and to add with emphasis in his old-fashioned phraseology, while he looked around him without hesitation for general confirmation to his sentiment, "What should we be without the fair?"

Donald Drumchatt was so far appeased by the minister's reception of his mission. But when he was further invited cordially to come to the drawing-room and talk over the matter with Mrs. Macdonald, have luncheon, and stay to dinner though Unah was still kept in bed, and unable to see him, he excused himself on the plea of expediting the arrangements at Drumchatt. Either he had wound himself up to such a pitch of self-respect that he felt it would be derogatory to his claims were he to consent to see anybody this morning inferior in position to the head of the house; or he had begun to distrust the adopted mother, who had been the first to put it into his head that he ought to take a wife, and that Unah should be the woman — who had, indeed, so favored the step as almost to provoke him to turn restive, and to disappoint her by failing in it.

But it was so much more mortifying to Donald's vanity to recognize that Mrs. Macdonald had grown lukewarm in his cause, than it had been humiliating to his manliness to find her choosing a wife for him, that he was reluctant to admit this view of the case. He only acknowledged to himself that women were lovers of change and greedy of power, with a special inclination to poach on their neighbors' preserves, and that his future mother-in-

law—for all her religious pretensions—was no better than the rest.

As for Unah, no doubt it was all right. She could never really put any other man before him; only she was so friendly and kind, as he was well aware, and that insistent fellow of an Englishman had taken advantage of her unsuspecting goodness by following her about and being always in her train. To think he had decoyed her up Ben Voil as far as Lochbuy on an autumn day, and contrived that they should be caught in the mist, so that they might have broken their necks or been chilled to death! And what would have become of him—Donald, in such a case? But all that was at an end—and high time too—when his speedy marriage with his cousin was announced.

The minister, in reality, felt less hospitably inclined than was customary with him. He did not experience any regret because the future bridegroom would go back to Drunchatt without delay. Farquhar Macdonald desired a private conversation with his wife, in which he trusted the perplexity and vexation lurking in his own mind might be thoroughly and permanently dispelled. He was a man to whose staunchly upright nature distrust of his friends and suspicion of their motives implied a grievous injury where these friends were concerned.

But in spite of the confidence in his wife, which their thirty years of wedlock had not rudely shaken, there was an uneasy misgiving, of which he was ashamed, in his look and manner, when he sought her in her own room; for he judged the drawing-room or his study not so safe from invasion as the discussion required. He shut the door behind him, and faced round upon her with the abrupt information, "Donald has been with me, my dear, about his marriage with Unah. He wishes it to take place at once, and I cannot say that I think he is wrong."

Mrs. Macdonald had just come in from one of her parochial visits; she had put down the little basket in which she carried her tracts, sugar and tea, eggs and beef-tea—condiments both for soul and body—empty on the table before her. She was standing in her plain walking-dress, with its perfectly instinctive touches of elegance, preparing to take off her bonnet and shawl, an act in which she needed no service, though Jenny Reach was in some respects her maid as well as her housekeeper.

In her unconsciousness and unconcern with regard to her personal appearance, Mrs. Macdonald in her middle age was

still a handsome, distinguished-looking woman, far more so than Lady Moydart could pretend to be. Her husband, even in the ferment of his mind at that moment, admired her and was proud of her, as he had been every hour she had been in his presence, since he had first loved her.

She was well aware of this pride and admiration; though she had tried to regard it in the light of a snare, and to put it out of her thoughts as pleasing what was purely human, and therefore sinful in her, and as distracting her from higher aspirations, she had still ended by cherishing it as her most valuable earthly possession.

She made an involuntary movement of surprise, stopping in what she was doing, with her glove half pulled off; but she did not give an exclamation or look round at her husband, as she might have been expected to do. "Has that not been a sudden determination?" she asked quietly. "Will that not be hurrying Unah unjustifiably, after everything has gone on in the most leisurely manner till now? Why, the house is not nearly finished," and at these words she looked round at her husband with something like her natural lively remonstrance.

"Don has made up his mind to stop the building for the present—as, indeed, the first frost would stop it for him. But he does not think the non-completion of the house need hinder the fulfilment of his engagement to Unah. And, to tell you the truth, Marjory, I believe he is right. I begin to regret that the marriage was ever delayed, and to have faith in the old adage, 'Happy's the wooing that's not long adoing'—like our own, you remember?"

"I don't think Donald has been impatient," she admitted—"although the delay was entirely your doing," she turned the tables on him. "As to our old affair, you had the good sense not to ask me to be your wife till I was less juvenile in mind than poor Unah is. Besides, I was not so fortunate as to have a father and mother to care whether I was too young to marry. My uncle, though he had been willing to be my protector up to that time, was ready to welcome a fair settlement for me." She stopped in her calm reminiscences. "Do you think Donald is as well as usual," she added quickly, as on the impulse of the moment, "that he should, without any previous hint, get into such a violent anxiety to change all the arrangements? It looks to me like the wayward caprice—the fit of longing of a man sick or sickening with a serious illness. I have not thought him looking his best all this

summer. It would be too sad if Unah were to marry him on the brink of a breakdown."

"How can you say such a thing!" protested the minister with pain, almost with anger. "I have been thinking Don uncommonly steady in his progress towards health, as well as very busy and active all this year. Marjory, I cannot bear you to forebode evil in his case at this date."

He did not say whether it was merely because of his strong interest in, and affection for, his kinsman and former ward and pupil, or whether there was any other idea — the entertaining of which was, to his mind, an insult to his wife, who must be innocent — that made her speech move him with quick repulsion.

"If the evil is there," she argued, "it will do no good for us to shut our eyes to it;" but she said it slowly and in a lower tone, and she did not look again at him.

"Certainly" — he tried to compose himself and be reasonable — "only, if that be true, we ought to have foreseen it long ago." Then he appealed to her half wistfully. "Something has occurred which has put me out. I don't know how the foolish story has arisen — I suppose in the silly fit of excitement and dissipation which always comes over us with the shooting-season — but I am sure it has been allowed to gain ground solely because you, like me, never dreamt that the smallest precaution could be necessary. I allude to Unah's running about and chattering — though the child is not a chatter-box in general — it is not like her — as she would have done with any English girl near her own age to whom she could have been of use, in showing her the pass, and the moor, and the lochs, and in introducing her to our Highland customs — but unfortunately it is not a girl — it is that jackanapes Tempest. I must call him so, though he had the nouse to show only manliness and modesty to me. It seems he has great expectations, and is a splendid match, with all the false importance and injury to a young man's simplicity and generosity which that absurd classification involves. I have seen something of the result before, even up here in Fearnavuil."

She confronted him fairly and firmly now. "Farquhar, I never heard you so unjust before," she said with spirit. "Frank Tempest is neither a conceited coxcomb nor a premature man of the world. He has much to learn yet, poor boy, but as it is he is a fine young fellow, much less self-important and ostentatious than Donald Drumchatt, who has had in

some respects far superior advantages. I will own that I like Mr. Tempest very much."

"That is neither here nor there," said the minister a little hotly and incoherently. "I may be prejudiced; very likely I am, since I have sufficient cause. Do you know this young fellow's name is beginning to be coupled with Unah's in a most objectionable manner, considering her engagement? Of course, this Lochbuy story in giving fresh impetus to the scandal. More than once yesterday, in my visits at Fetterbog, there were sly, and what were to me most annoying, allusions, which I could not overlook, made in the inquiries for the family here. And when I came to old Mrs. Macdonald, Menmuir, she put it to me plainly, whether my daughter's marriage with her 'silly' cousin was not broken off, that she might form a grander connection with some fine English lord or other in the Castle Moydart family? Did you ever hear anything more disgraceful?"

"People take great liberties," she protested indignantly and flushing hotly; "what have they to do with our private affairs?"

"Well, it seems to me they have a great deal to do, if I am their friend as well as their minister. That is not what I complain of. It is the utter falsehood of the story, and the being forced to see that they can suspect us of being guilty of such meanness and baseness. For it would be unutterably mean and base," said the minister with a look of being wounded to the quick in his ordinarily peaceful, kindly face, and at the same time with a gaze beseeching to anguish, in the eyes fixed upon her.

Mrs. Macdonald appeared nevertheless to beg the question. "Mrs. Macdonald, Menmuir, is a very worldly person; she judges her neighbors as she does herself; she has the longest and worst tongue in the parish. If Donald Drumchatt is ready to condemn us on such evidence as hers, his faith in us can never have been very great!" she ended contemptuously.

"Donald has not condemned us. He has behaved very well — very well indeed in the business. There is no fault to be found with Don," continued the minister, always more excited, "but I will not have these things said of my daughter, and by inference of you and me, Marjory. I tell you I will not. If I believed there was a grain of truth in them — but there is not — it is a vile calumny on Unah to give credit to a single word of the malicious lie — I

should never hold up my head, or have the face to enter my pulpit again." The meek man was absolutely transformed. He stood furious in his slandered righteousness, and fierce in his resistance to a wrong which, if it were inflicted by any member of his family, would be inflicted by himself, inasmuch as he understood himself to have sworn, in the double light of the head of a house and the minister of a parish, that as for him and his—they would serve the Lord in the first foundations of truth and honesty, if they could go no farther.

Mrs. Macdonald was by mental constitution a woman of quick, keen sympathies when they were not overlaid and crushed by theories and dogmas. She thrilled in response to her husband's just wrath; she felt with the swiftness and sureness of intuition, at that trying moment, all the tender reverence and full, unstinted confidence of wedded love which hung trembling in the balance. And what would life be to her without Farquhar Macdonald's deep devotion and delicate homage to which she had grown as accustomed as to the air she breathed, without which it seemed she could no more exist than she could live without the vital air? Would any outward exaltation of Unah—were she to become a queen instead of a countess or duchess—atone for so terrible and irreparable a loss? "Never!" was the instant, unequivocal answer of Mrs. Macdonald's nobler nature. She could not even endure to contemplate the possibility of her deprivation. Thus Mrs. Macdonald in her cleverness and sensibility was baffled as a conspirator, where a less gifted and coarser actor might have gone on and prospered. Her sensibility, above all, forged weapons against herself, which, had she been a worse woman, would either not have existed, or would have been so tempered as to prove worthless. If she had been a common hypocrite there would have been no obligation on her part to frame and preserve that veil of self-deception which a moment's self-revelation had torn aside; she would not have been tempted to throw up the game on a mere emotional check; she might have persevered craftily and boldly—seeking at once to deceive her husband and to secure his regard. She would not have succeeded, since Farquhar Macdonald commanded in all graver dangers the powerful advantage held by the man whose eye is single, and whose sight on that account is comparatively clear. But she might not have refrained from the attempt because

of a doubt of its attainment—a doubt which she would have been incapable of measuring.

Mrs. Macdonald suddenly looked up with bright, moist eyes in her husband's constrained, agitated face, and put her hand affectionately on his quivering shoulder. "My dear Farquhar, why do you suffer yourself to be vexed like this? Why do you mind what incredible nonsense people are silly or mischievous enough to talk, when you know Unah is no flirt or jilt, and when everybody knows you are the last man in the world to commit an injustice, or to fail in your word? Ah! Farquhar, it is not here that we need expect to be judged fairly, or to receive the reward of a patient continuance in well-doing. But you can so easily—with Donald Drumchatt's help, and it seems that he has taken the initiative—put a stop to the idle gossip. Let us drive over to the Ford, and take the coach to Inverness to-morrow, and buy what is wanted for Unah's outfit."

"My dear Marjory," said the minister with a great sigh, almost a gasp of relief, "I was sure you would see the matter as I did, and that you would not put any obstacle in the way of the wrong's being redressed. I am afraid there has been, in the very innocence of our hearts, an appearance of evil. But you are something far better than a female martinet. I cannot think why I was so silly as to take this folly so much to heart. I think I must have been daft on my own account—a great deal dafter than Don, poor fellow, who might have been excused, had he not treated the trifle with the scanty consideration which was all it deserved. But the consultation with you has done me a world of good," he acknowledged gratefully; "a woman's judgment comes in where a man's fails."

"But I have not suggested any new course," said Mrs. Macdonald deprecatingly.

"No, no; but you reduced the whole thing to its due proportions, and stripped from it the exaggerated importance with which I was inclined to invest it. And we are agreed in letting the marriage come off at once, which is only making up our minds to part with Unah a little sooner than we intended."

"Yes," said Mrs. Macdonald quickly, "but you must break the new arrangement to her. It was your and Donald's doing, after all. I have only consented to it to save misunderstanding. And I do think, as I have already told you, that it is hard

upon Unah to have her marriage come abruptly upon her like this."

"Oh! very well," said the minister, feeling every encounter easy after he was certain of his wife's views, which he ought never to have doubted. He was sure that Unah was true, since his wife had proved the high-minded, disinterested woman he had always respected as deeply as he had loved her dearly; and whose perfect integrity he had been so left to himself as to question for a wretched interval, during which he had been driven to become sceptical of the goodness of the whole world, with his faith—in man, if not in God, tottering. "I dare say there will be no great breaking of the news needed," he predicted cheerfully. "A little lover-like impatience in the end is not without its sweet flattery to a girl. And Unah is far too unselfish and tender-hearted to grudge making a little sacrifice for Don."

The light of his glad deliverance from a miserable suspicion of the person dearest to him, was still on the minister's face when he went to talk to Unah, and announce to her the alteration in their plans and the near prospect of her wedding.

Unah was sitting up in her white dressing-gown, with her hair hanging loose on her shoulders. She looked younger than ever in her womanhood, and with something pathetic in the youthfulness, because of the little air of languor and fragility which even so slight an illness had lent to her pale, dark-eyed face.

The minister, though a quiet man, had always plenty to say to his daughter, almost more than to his wife, whose tastes were not in such complete accordance with his own. On the present occasion there was, on one side at least, even a fuller flow of chat than usual, seeing that Unah had been shut up from the outer world for the last five days, and had not seen for herself that there had been a night of high wind and rain after the mist. One of the larches at Randal's Bridge had been blown down, while there had been the threatening of a "spate" in the Fearn, which if it had been fulfilled would have put an end to the dahlia which the early frost had spared in the garden. In addition the minister had christened Nicky Macdonald's bairn in the house, since it was far too weary a thing* to be brought to the kirk; and Ludovic Macdonald, Saonach,

had just been in to bid him good-bye before setting out for his winter's course of the humanities.

Unah showed no indifference to the familiar tidings; on the contrary she listened eagerly, as if she thirsted for a return to every-day interests and occupations.

"And you must be quick and get well, Unah," broke off the minister with the smile which when his heart was at ease had something of womanly gentleness in it. "You must know it is particularly incumbent on you not to be playing the invalid and learning lazy habits just now."

A flickering color came into Unah's cheek and a startled, inquiring look into her eyes. "I think I cannot do better in any case than get well as soon as possible. I am tired of being ill; indeed I am not ill, I am almost as well as ever—to say anything else is a polite fiction of the doctor's. I don't wish to give my mother or anybody else any farther trouble, or to miss any more events—wrecks left by storms, or christenings and leavetakings," she said hastily. "But why is recovering such a special obligation just now?"

"Because"—the minister hesitated, certainly no longer in any great trouble about the nature of his message, and with no particular thought for his daughter, on account of an indiscretion into which he was in the end persuaded she had been drawn, along with her mother and himself, in the over-confidence of innocence, but simply with the laudable desire to make his communication neatly. "Don has found that you are a great deal too precious to him to be suffered to go risking yourself on Ben Voil in a mist without his knowledge and consent. We have all come to the conclusion that his wooing has been protracted long enough for the shortness of modern life. Our years do not reach to the term of the patriarchs, so that you cannot expect to have as great a compliment paid to you as was offered to Rachel. Your mother and I are of opinion that you should do Donald the honor of marrying him one day before the autumn is over. You are aware that winter is rather a trying season for him, poor chap, and I am sure it is the most earnest wish of your heart to lighten his burdens. Do you see now, Unah, why you must look sharp and be brisk in getting about again, that we may not lose any part of the short time you are still to be your mother's and mine entirely? The rooms down-stairs, the very pass and the moors don't look the same without you; but we must make up our mind to seeing less of you in future.

* "Hap and row, hap and row, hap and row the
feetie o't:
It's sic a wee bit weary thing I downa bear the
greetin' o't."

It is the common lot, my dear. However, you will not be far away; you will be happy yourself, and make Don happy; there is not the slightest room for complaint—rather we are bound to be humbly thankful." The minister pulled himself up, after falling into a somewhat pensive line of reflection. But he bethought himself in time that to announce the hastening of the marriage and then to discuss the measure in a doleful strain, was not the judicious reassuring treatment which might have been expected from a man of his experience in "breaking" such news to a girl with even the shadow of an illness upon her.

But Unah, timid as she was, did not betray perturbation; she did not shrink from the proposal. She heard it with a long-drawn breath and a fixed look in her father's face—a look that had more of indefinite yearning than of rebellion and repugnance in it. "Yes," she said emphatically, "I have wished to lighten Don's burdens. I have promised, and I think I can help him. There is nothing to hinder me since you and my mother have agreed to it. I would rather go to him at once. Let us have the marriage and the parting and everything over," she said, with a slight quiver of the lip and twitch of the wool which she had been knitting and with which her hand was playing. Then she smiled slightly, and added as at a joke she was guilty of making, "It is better to submit to an operation than to have it constantly hanging over one's head."

"You are my dear, good lassie," said her father warmly; "women are greatly mistaken when they imagine that pride and coquetry, or simply affectation, will recommend them and raise their value in the eyes of men worthy of the name."

The minister was perfectly satisfied. Even his ear, dulled by the familiarity of use and wont, and the tyranny of a preconceived impression, did not catch, in the voice which was so well known and so pleasant to him, a sigh of weariness after a sharp struggle—of terror clutching at the first support that offered itself—of desperate desire to get rid of uncertainty and apprehension by taking the decisive step which nothing could undo. "To have it all over," she had said piteously, and those who knew everything and could understand all might have measured her words. But among the enlightened was not the loving father, the good and honest man who had taught, trained, and cherished her since she had been a helpless baby.

Then Farquhar Macdonald sat down

and talked a little longer to his daughter. He spoke to her quietly of the days of his youth—of his early hopes and aspirations. He told her of the mingled pride and humility with which he had become a minister of the Church—that old Scotch Church which had come through fire and flood, which had been more than once rent asunder, but which was still the National Church—nay more, which had yet beating warm at its heart life from the Lord of life—life that thrilled and throbbed through every member, and waxed strong in earnest faith and good works. He referred simply to the failures and mistakes as well as the successes of his own and her mother's work, but was clear that, withal, it became them to take courage and not be weary in well doing.

Unah listened earnestly, and assented softly.

Although Unah had spoken of her illness as a polite fiction on her doctor's part, and although she might have grown tired of it, she had been more thankful for its reality, in the first place, than she remembered ever feeling grateful for any boon bestowed on her. It had been a refuge for her till she could come to herself, and brace herself to bear what was in store for her. It had made everybody—including Don, indulgent to her, and indisposed to weigh strictly and put harsh constructions on any disorder that she might be unable to banish in a moment from her words and looks. Above all, it screened her from what she dreaded most—any chance of meeting Frank Tempest after the day on Ben Voil. He was lavish in his expressions of concern—unremitting in his inquiries, but under the excuse of her illness she was saved from hearing more than the distant echo of his sympathy.

All the time she knew that when the days of her illness, like the days of the mourning for the dead, were ended, she would return to the world—much the same girl outwardly, perhaps, but still changed at the core, and that irrevocably. All the sweet, lingering immaturity, "the tender grace" of budding womanhood that is not yet in flower, would be left behind her, and the eyes of the spirit which had been unsealed would never be closed again. She would be like Kilmeny, when she came back from that wondrous sleep in the lonely dell. Only Kilmeny appeared with a peace past breaking on her charmed face, and Unah would resume life with a heart full of undying regret and vain repentance.

Withal, it never entered into Unah's

conception that the explanation which had taken place between her and Frank Tempest could alter her relations with Donald Drumchatt, even though her tender conscience and honorable nature were weighed to the ground under the sense of having unwittingly failed her plighted husband and played him false.

Unah was, like her father, simply incapable of doing anything else than keep her word, though "it might be to her hurt;" and neither father nor daughter could see beyond their word. It might have been moral stupidity and blindness in them — so many people argue glibly on the slightest and most fanciful premises that it is much better to break one's word, than to do unknown harm by keeping it. And it is plain to all that in the case of a rash criminal vow, both God and man are more honored in the breach than in the observance. But then Mr. Macdonald and Unah were not at all the sort of persons who would take criminal vows, while with regard to the obligations they did incur, they had in them a curious mixture of self-respect and of modesty. They did not undertake what they were not fit to fulfil, and knowing this they felt bound to discharge their debt. They had a manly, womanly, and very Christian conviction that they could by higher help control their own inclinations. And they were not possessed with the idea that they and their feelings were of such enormous importance, that the absence of some special sentiment, or even the presence of a warring sentiment — painfully but faithfully resisted on their part, must work misery to more than themselves, and prove richer in the elements of ruin to all concerned, than broken pledges and shattered trust would be.

Unah knew that she could still, as she promised, help and cheer Donald in his dismal mansion of Drumchatt; and she believed that, being on the whole so well pleased with himself and his position, he would in all likelihood be content with what she could give him, even while her heart was sore for another love. It did not strike her that there was any wrong committed, any demeaning of herself in thus doing what she could to atone for her involuntary betrayal of confidence; and so far from thinking that it was a sin against the love which she never knew she felt for Frank Tempest till the day on Ben Voil, it was that love which was a sin in her eyes, and against which she recoiled. It was under the consciousness of its existence that she writhed, and her ordinarily

pale cheeks were dyed red with shame in the very privacy of her sick-room. She was like Jenny in "Auld Robin Grey," when the young wife cries in her uprightness, no less than in her anguish, —

I daurna think on Jamie,
For that would be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
Since auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

Unah was not yet a wife; Donald Drumchatt was not yet her gudeman; and she knew little or nothing of those fine distinctions of the sturdily honest old marriage laws of Scotland, which are disposed to hold a written pledge — even a verbal promise duly witnessed — as well-nigh equivalent to the sacred rite performed. But to a girl who revered her word as Unah revered hers, an engagement in marriage was what a betrothal is to a German girl, only second in solemnity to the marriage itself, and not to be cancelled save for the weightiest and most terrible reasons — physical death, or infidelity on the man's part, which would be as his death to the woman.

The minister was acting in ignorance, and Unah in knowledge of the obstacle which had arisen in her heart. But had he shared her knowledge, his conclusion would have been the same. It might have been moral stupidity and blindness in them, but it was the manner in which they read their duty by the light of their Bibles and by their quiet, steadfast godliness and true-heartedness.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A SCOTS BISHOP.

THE most attractive phase in the history of every religious denomination is the season of its adversity. No doubt a Church feels a justifiable pride when it can point to annual reports of flourishing progress, to increasing rolls of membership, to swelling subscriptions and endowments, to extensive missionary operations at home, and to imposing efforts among the heathen abroad. But this prosperity is seldom compatible with picturesqueness. If Churches, like corporations, do not grow bloated as they wax rich, the world is apt to qualify its acknowledgment of their success by the imputation of vulgarity. The simple, self-denying, humble spirit of the great founder of Christianity is not so apparent, or perhaps the world is not so forcibly compelled to recognize it, as

when its testimony bears the seal of stripes or imprisonment. When loaves and fishes are largely agoing, doubts of the disinterestedness of the clergy are mooted, which have no place at a time when there is nothing to gain but much to lose by following the sacred calling. And however zealous priests may be in the days of the Church's success, however disposed to emulate the deeds of confessors and martyrs, the world is apt to think that the extreme virtues which lighted up the darker and more troublous periods are out of place and gratuitous when flouted in the face of a generation that sees little need for their exercise.

The story of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, from its disestablishment at the Revolution until its reconciliation with the house of Hanover, towards the end of the last century, has all the picturesqueness that an unbroken course of misfortune can lend to it; and the interest which attaches to its struggles is all the stronger that its bishops and priests have never affected to regard themselves as martyrs, but suffered in silence, and meekly submitted to each fresh chastisement as it was laid upon them. Its devotion to the house of Stuart was at once its glory and its bane. Long after every other body of men in Great Britain had given up all hopes of a Jacobite restoration — when even the survivors of the 'Forty-five had begun reluctantly to admit that Charles Edward would never replace George III. upon the throne of Great Britain, — the Chevalier was prayed for as king by the little flocks meeting in quiet corners to hear the service read by some nonjuring priest, who did his office at the risk of imprisonment, or even banishment to the colonies, to reward his pains. This fidelity was all the more admirable that their Jacobitism was the only barrier to their toleration and even protection by government. We have many instances in history where kings have sacrificed their fortunes for the cause of the Church. The Scots Episcopalian bishops and presbyters present the only case that occurs to us where the Church has deliberately sacrificed its own interests to those of the crown; and this political loyalty, maintained in the face of so many obstacles, and in spite of so many temptations to another allegiance, was only equalled by the apostolic simplicity, the earnestness, and the charity of the Episcopalian clergy. The lives of such bishops as Low and Jolly and Gleig obliterate centuries, and carry us back for parallels to the days of the primitive Church; so that

Bishop Horne of Norwich paid them no strained compliment when he said that if St. Paul were to return to earth again, he would seek the communion of the Scottish Episcopalian as nearest akin to "the people he had been used to."

Not long after the Revolution, Dundee, in one of his letters, jestingly complains that the Scottish prelates were "now become the Kirk invisible." The disestablishment of Episcopacy had completely cut away their resources; their steady refusal to deviate from their allegiance to King James deprived them of any claim on the consideration of government; and the newly established Presbyterian Church was naturally careful to evict them from any benefices or temporalities that they had not already relinquished. Whig mobs, seizing the unsettled state of the country as an opportunity for rioting, found the Episcopalian clergy convenient and safe victims, and "rabbed" them wherever the authorities were weak or winked at their conduct. The noteworthy feature in the course followed by the Episcopalian party was its passive submission to all the hardships both of the law and of popular persecution. Such meekness had hitherto been unknown in Scottish ecclesiastical revolutions. The Covenanters had never hesitated to "take the beut" when prelacy seemed likely to get the upper hand; while the Cameronians were ready to have recourse to "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" rather than accept the "Black Indulgence" at the hands of their enemies. And this forbearance was not altogether due to a sense of weakness; for had the Episcopal Church raised a cry of being persecuted, and invoked its supporters to come to its aid, it could have seriously disturbed the peace of the country. North of the Tay the Episcopalian were undoubtedly the dominant party, and the Roman Catholic chiefs were inclined to champion their cause as bound up with that of the exiled family. We can now appreciate the more Christian, as well as prudent, course which the prelates and clergy adopted, developing as it did so richly among them the higher qualities of Christianity; but their humility was very frequently interpreted by their opponents as pusillanimity, and was made a ground of reproach by the Presbyterians. We can hardly blame the government for the strict measures that it adopted against a body of its subjects who refused to acknowledge existing authority, any more than we can blame the bishops for not departing from the allegiance that they believed to have

the only lawful claim upon them. The times were out of joint, and refused to be set right by either Church or State. Of the activity of the Episcopal clergy in behalf of the house of Stuart there can be no doubt; and that its fruits were not more apparent is simply a proof of their disorganized condition and want of popular influence. The primus of the Scottish Church was invariably one of the body who officially represented the Chevalier's interests in Scotland, and the exile's authority was the only secular influence which the Episcopal college acknowledged. The insurrections in the 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-five brought the position of the Scottish non-jurors prominently under the notice of the government; and those measures of relief that they had secured under the sympathetic rule of Queen Anne were forfeited. The proscription which followed these attempts gave the Whig rabble scope for persecution which it was not slow to embrace. Much of the ill-usage heaped upon the clergy was of a very petty character; but many of them were subjected to real sufferings for discharging their sacred duties. A very common experience was that of worthy Mr. Rubrick, the Baron of Bradwardine's chaplain, "when a Whigish mob destroyed his meeting-house, tore his surplice, and plundered his dwelling-house of four silver spoons, intronitting also with his mart and his meal-ark, and with two barrels, one of single and one of double ale, besides three bottles of brandy." But this treatment at the hands of the rabble was tolerant compared with the severity of the enactments which the government passed against the exercise of Episcopal forms of worship. Not only did the royal troops pull down the non-juring meeting-houses wherever they found them after the rebellions, but in some cases they appear to have compelled the unfortunate prelates to destroy their own churches, as at Peterhead after the rising of the 'Fifteen. Local magistracies, anxious to curry favor with government, aided the military authorities in their quest for non-jurors, and made a merit of inflicting severe penalties upon all priests who fell into their hands. The letters of many of the English officers employed in Scotland between 1715 and 1745 express disgust at the extreme measures which they were forced to employ against the Church to which their own sympathies belonged. The late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe had a story of an indignant response made by the colonel of Lord Ancrum's regiment when quartered in Aberdeen after the

'Fifteen. A gentleman, a member of a well-known Whig family in Buchan, had given information against his uncle, a non-juring presbyter, to whose property he was next heir. The clergyman was speedily arrested; and some days after, the informant, it is to be hoped from feelings of compunction, went to the commandant to inquire what was likely to befall his relative. "Why, sir, he'll be hanged, and you'll be damned," said the officer, turning contemptuously on his heel. After 1745, when the Episcopal clergy had to bear the full brunt of the government's enmity, the severities to which they were subjected reached the point of persecution. The stern example made of the Scottish nobility and gentry who had been taken in arms against the government, deterred others who had previously protected the Episcopal clergy from showing them any further countenance. The penal laws against the assembly of more than five persons, or four and a family, from meeting together at a non-juring service, came within a little of extirpating the Scottish Episcopal Church; and but for the faithfulness of its bishops and clergy, the uncomplaining meekness with which they submitted to their stripes, and the bright testimony which they bore to the spirit of Christianity, the disestablished Church would probably have ceased to have a separate existence, and Episcopacy in Scotland have been merged into the conforming English congregations.

The troubles which Skinner, the Aberdeenshire non-juror, and the author of "Tullochgorum," went through after the suppression of the last Jacobite rebellion, afford a good example of the sufferings which the Episcopal clergy had to bear about this time. Cumberland's soldiers burned his little chapel at Longside, and for years he celebrated divine service at an open window in his own cottage, his little flock kneeling devoutly on the grass sward outside; and although Skinner was no Jacobite, and had, indeed, incurred the anger of his bishop by agreeing to the command of government to register his letter of orders, he was seized and cast into jail because his out-of-door flock had exceeded the statutory number. Skinner suffered six months' confinement in Aberdeen prison as late as 1753; and about the same time a large proportion of the northern presbyters were in bonds. Mr. Walker, whose memoir of Bishop Gleig we shall presently notice, tells us how three Kincardineshire clergymen were all confined in one cell of the Stonehaven tolbooth

during the winter of 1748-49, and how they managed to baptize children, and to comfort their flocks over the prison walls.

The fishermen's wives from Skateraw might be seen trudging along the beach with their unbaptized infants in their creels wading at the "Water Yett," the combined streams of the Carron and the Cowie, which could only be done at the influx of the sea; then clambering over rugged rocks till they reached the back stairs of the tolbooth, where they watched a favorable opportunity for drawing near to their pastor's cell, and securing the bestowal of the baptismal blessing. After divine service on week days, Mr. Troup (one of the imprisoned three) entertained the audience on the bagpipes with the spirit-stirring Jacobite tunes that more than any other cause kept up the national feeling in favor of the just hereditary line of our natural sovereigns. (*Life of Bishop Jolly*, p. 19.)

This combination of the bagpipes and the prayer-book was very characteristic of the Scottish episcopacy of the period. Its distinctive foundation was quite as much political as religious, and allegiance towards the king *de jure* held a place in the minds of the prelatial clergy scarcely second to their reverence for apostolic order and liturgical forms. And in fact we cannot disguise the truth that their persecution was more a political than a religious punishment.

The mission of the Episcopal Church in Scotland was at this time involved in the deepest gloom. The overthrow of Jacobitism at Culloden had been so complete, and the news from the Chevalier's court was so disheartening, that no reasonable hope remained of the restoration of the Stuarts; and it could expect no toleration from a king whom it regarded as a usurper, and for whose rule it obstinately refused to pray. And yet in this proscribed and persecuted condition, impoverished, without supporters who could provide even a decent maintenance for the support of the clergy, and with no means of giving its priests a distinctive theological training, the Episcopal Church of Scotland became the nursery of an order of prelates who, by a rare combination of piety, learning, administrative ability, and apostolic poverty, realize more fully the primitive model of a bishop than any other group of prelates, whether Roman or Anglican, with whose history we are acquainted. Among these, the archaic saintliness of Jolly, the far-seeing ability of the Skinners, and the culture and energy of Gleig, are almost the only lights on the rough path of the afflicted Church.

George Gleig, presbyter of Pittenweem at the time when the fortunes of Episcopacy stood at their very lowest ebb; Bishop of Brechin at the period when the Church, finally disassociated from the cause of the Stuarts, became a legal and tolerated body; and primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church when it was just launching out on that race of wide and extending usefulness which it is now running, — is one of the most central figures among reformed Scottish prelates. He was the last Jacobite primus of Scotland, and the first, we believe, who had taken the oaths to the house of Hanover on his episcopal consecration. He was one of the last surviving prelates who had been trained in the hard school of the penal laws, and who had profited by the stern lessons which he had learned there. It was his fortune to see his beloved Church emerge from obloquy and insignificance to a position of honor and importance from which it could look back with satisfaction to its past trials; and he could cheer himself with the reflection that his own efforts had, with the blessings of Providence, contributed largely towards this happy change. Bishop Gleig, then, is a prominent link between the old and the new — between the picturesque old non-juring Episcopacy of the last days of Jacobitism and of the prelacy of the present day, which claims all the dignity of a "sister Church" with the Anglican communion, which has sent its orders far and wide over the great continent of America, and which has a very potential voice in all those proposals for the reunion of Catholic Christendom that it has become the fashion of late years to put forward. It would have taken a very commonplace man indeed to have occupied this position without leaving behind him something worthy of record; and when a man of the parts and scholarship of Bishop Gleig filled it, we are confident that the records of the Scottish primacy must bear the impress of strong individuality, and of a firm but liberal mind. A memoir of such a man is due both to his Church and to the world, and *faute des mieux* we are glad to have the serviceable little monograph* which the Rev. Mr. Walker, the biographer of Bishop Jolly, has written. Mr. Walker has carefully gathered together and published all the details of Bishop Gleig's life, has faithfully sketched the part which he took in the reconstitution of the Church, and has given us a just and appreciative

* *Life of Bishop Gleig*. By the Rev. W. Walker. Edinburgh: Douglas.

estimate of his character as a man and of his work as a prelate. We have read his book with interest; and if we are rather disappointed that the ex-chaplain-general did not himself give his father's memoirs to the world, we ought not on that account to be the more disposed to undervalue Mr. Walker's exertions, the unpretending character of which at once conciliates the reader's confidence and regard.

Gleig was by birth a "man of the Mearns," a county which the influence of the Marischal family had deeply involved in the troubles of the 'Fifteen. His grandfather had been "out" in that insurrection, and had evaded the penalties by the not unfrequent expedient of changing his name. Glegg was altered to Gleig, and no one answering to the former designation was forthcoming in answer to King George's summons. The experience of the 'Fifteen, and the heavy calamities which it had brought upon so many families of the Mearns, kept Gleig's father, though a keen Jacobite, from joining the insurgents. The Gleig family seem to have been in comfortable circumstances for Kincardineshire tenant farmers; and the future bishop had such a careful education as the parish school and the King's College of Aberdeen could afford. His university career had been so successful that an Aberdeen chair would have been within his reach could he have submitted to the oaths, and to the subscription to the Confession of Faith; but though such a position would have been one of luxury and ease compared with the penury and privations of an Episcopal presbyter, he did not shrink from embracing the latter career. He had already laid the foundation of an intricate acquaintance with moral and physical science at the university; and when he left it, he gave up his time to theology, especially to patristic literature. There was no regular professional training for candidates for Episcopal ordination in Scotland in those days. They were left to read for themselves; and there do not appear to have been any definite standards set for their guidance. A result of this was, that very irregular and latitudinarian views often prevailed in the Scottish priesthood; while in Aberdeenshire and the Mearns, a by no means inconsiderable number of Episcopalians believed in the extraordinary delusions of Antoinette Bourignon,* the Flemish en-

* Ministers of the Church of Scotland are still called upon at their ordination to repudiate a belief in Bourignonism, which the majority of them are easily

thusiasm of the seventeenth century. We are not clearly told with whom Gleig prosecuted his theological studies, or whether he had the advantage of any assistance in preparing for ordination, but his works show him to have mastered the great controversies of the Christian Church, and that too from a standpoint which, even in these days of more strictly defined dogma, the Church would accept as orthodox.

Pittenweem and Crail, on the Fifeshire coast of the Firth of Forth, was Gleig's first charge in 1773, and it seems to have been a fairly comfortable one, as Episcopal livings then were. The fury with which the working of the penal laws had been inaugurated was past, but the legal disabilities that still remained were sufficiently serious. King George's soldiers had burned the chapel in 1746, and at both Crail and Pittenweem Gleig had to hold divine service in a barn, or some other available building. His salary was better than most of his contemporaries, and yet could seldom have exceeded £40 a year. The Kelly and Balcarres families belonged to his congregations, and so he had social advantages that were denied to a great many of his brethren. It was at this time that his strong literary bent, of which he seems to have been early conscious, began to show itself in contributions to the *Monthly Review*, chiefly on subjects of philosophical and literary criticism. He of course had his share in the revival of letters which was taking place in Scotland at the time; and cut off as he was in a great measure by his profession and politics from the literary circles in the Scottish capital, it was only natural that he should prefer to form a connection that would bring himself before an English audience rather than one of his own countrymen. And as Mr. Walker very shrewdly points out, Gleig was thus doing a service both to Scottish literature and to his own church, by showing that the penal laws had not entirely crushed out its culture. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *British Critic*, and afterwards the *Anti-Jacobin*, were all periodicals with which the presbyter of Pittenweem had a connection. In the first of these he defended the consecration by the Scots bishops of Dr. Seabury,

able to do, from their ignorance of its derivation and tenets. But Bourignonism was a heresy of some consequence in the seventeenth century. Its founder professed to be under the immediate inspiration of the Deity, and she asserted that for every fresh conversion to her views, she underwent the physical pains of childbirth. As the number of converts which she personally made in Scotland, as well as on the Continent, was very considerable, she must have had rather a trying time of it.

through whom the Episcopal Church in America derives its orders, and thus earned the flattering commendation of the editor. The magazine *honoraria* would prove an opportune "eke" to the Pittenweem offerings, and would put him in a position to extend those benevolences towards his poorer parishioners which are always expected from a minister, however inadequate his means. And he seems to have left a lasting popularity among his people; for his son, the ex-chaplain-general, says that, long years after, "I was taken as a child, early in the century, to Crail for sea-bathing, and remember the heartiness with which they all received and greeted at their houses their former pastor."

Gleig's talents and public vindication of Scottish Episcopacy naturally soon marked him out for such promotion as the Church could confer; and when he was only a year or two over thirty, the Dunkeld clergy chose him for their diocesan. A Scottish bishopric was not then the dignified and envied position that it has since become, nor does it appear to have been an object of great ambition to the Scottish clergy. These were the days before equal dividends and bishops' palaces were dreamt of, when Oxford saw no comeliness in a Scotch mitre, and when the rewards within the Church were so pitiful that it was not held worth the while to deprive the hard-working Scottish presbyters of them. The Scottish bishop's palace was then in many cases a cottage scarcely superior to the homes of his neighbors the peasantry; and differing from these only in the feature that every available space was generally over-crowded with books. Such were the mansions occupied by Bishops Jolly and Low, the former of whom dispensed with a servant, and employed only the attendance of a mason's wife, "who came every morning, opened his door, made his fire, arranged his bed, and did any other menial services he required. He prepared his own breakfast, and then was left alone till dinner-time, when the woman was again seen coming down the street, carrying a very small pot in her hand, with a wooden cover on it, and something else beneath her apron, which was the whole preparation for the bishop's dinner." There was a deal of trouble attached to the office in consequence of the irregular diocesan arrangements of the Church, and also of the too frequent want of unanimity between the college of bishops and the working clergy. When Gleig was unanimously elected Bishop of Dunkeld in 1786, his modestly expressed wish to be spared the

dignity was backed up by the opposition which was made to him personally in another quarter. Bishop John Skinner of Aberdeen, son of the persecuted author of "*Tullochgorum*," was then laying the foundation of that influence in the Episcopal Church which his family maintained for nearly half a century; and he had unfortunately taken offence at some remarks which Gleig had made in an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—chiefly critical strictures on the bishop's sermon on the occasion of Dr. Seabury's consecration. Gleig, on hearing of Dr. Skinner's opposition, withdrew from the office, "to prevent disturbance on my account in this miserable and afflicted church." The difference that then arose between Gleig and Skinner retarded the elevation of the former to the episcopate for two-and-twenty years; but it secured for the Episcopal Church a sound and able champion against the personal rule of Skinner, whose clear head and strong judgment were too apt to override the counsel of his colleagues, and to ignore the views of the general body of the clergy. Both Bishop Skinner and Mr. Gleig had been working, each in his own fashion, to obtain a repeal of the penal laws; and when the attempt made by the Episcopal college to secure relief without binding themselves to pray for the king by name failed, as it was bound to do, the Skinners threw the blame upon Gleig, who, they said, had sacrificed a bishop of his own church on the altar of Canterbury. In this transaction Gleig seems to have had reason entirely on his side. Although much more closely connected by family associations with the cause of the Stuarts than the Skinners were, he had convinced himself how hopeless it was to struggle against the growing popularity of the reigning family. His literary efforts had made Gleig known to the English prelates, and they were prepared to co-operate with him in obtaining the relief of the Scottish Episcopalians upon their recognition of the house of Hanover as a first step on their side. The concessions which would have been secured under Gleig's measure, were far more liberal than the Scottish bishops afterwards succeeded in obtaining; and though there can be no doubt that Gleig's draft bill was the scheme most calculated to serve the Church, we can hardly, at this distance of time, bring ourselves to regret that the Scottish Episcopalians did not depart from their picturesque fidelity to the Stuarts so long as the Chevalier still remained to inherit the divine right to the throne of Britain.

The Chevalier's death brought the first real measure of relief to the non-jurors, freeing them from an impracticable allegiance, and removing the main barrier between them and their fellow-subjects. Charles Edward died in 1788, exactly a century after his luckless grandfather had lost his crown. Gleig by this time was settled in Stirling—a more prosperous charge than Pittenweem; for with the fruits of his literary work to add to his salary, he was able to marry the youngest daughter of Mr. Hamilton of Kilbrackmont, who had been among his Fifeshire parishioners. Here it fell to the lot of Mr. Gleig to introduce into the service the prayers for the royal family, which were so distasteful to the survivors of Culloden. The clergy, as a body, readily took this step; but many of the laity felt their stomachs rise at hearing the elector of Hanover prayed for as their "most gracious sovereign lord, King George." At the outset numbers left the churches in disgust; others remained, and expressed dissent from the prayer by ominous coughing, or by contemptuously blowing their noses. "Ladies slammed their prayer-books and yawned audibly at the prayer for King George."

When King George was first prayed for by name in Meiklefolla church, Charles Halket of Inveramsay sprung to his feet, vowed he would never pray for "that Hanoverian villain," and instantly left the church, which he did not re-enter for twenty years. A Mr. Rogers of St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, said Bishop Skinner might "pray the knees off his breeks" before he would join him in praying for King George. (Bishop Jolly, p. 41, note.)

We do not hear of any disturbances in the Stirling congregation, and the tact of the incumbent had probably been successfully applied for the removal of prejudices; for Gleig appears to have, long before this, sunk his Jacobite predilections in a loyal desire to reconcile his Church with the reigning dynasty. A few ultra-Jacobites, like Oliphant of Gask, might still hold by Henry IX., who, "were he even a Mahometan or a Turkish priest," was still the legitimate heir to a throne; but all sensible men saw that a Roman cardinal would never reign over Britain. Besides, George III. was showing himself a good Churchman and a sound Tory; and these virtues were fast effacing all disagreeable recollections of the two preceding reigns.

With the introduction of King George's name into the Scottish liturgy, the most picturesque, if the most painful, period of the Church's history comes to an end. Its

task was now to organize an administration for itself, to provide churches and funds, and to retrieve the position and influence that it had sacrificed for the sake of the house of Stuart. It is with Mr. Gleig, and not with the history of the Episcopal Church, that we are now concerned; and we shall only refer to the latter in so far as it connects itself with the subject of this paper.

The difference between Bishop Skinner, who had now succeeded to the primacy of the Church, and Gleig, was probably a reason why the latter, during his incumbency at Stirling, took very little part in the public councils of the Episcopalians that followed the removal of the penal laws. His chief ambition at this time seems to have been to discharge the duties of a zealous parish priest, and to add to the reputation he had already won as a man of letters.

His labors were signally successful in gathering round him a large congregation, for whom he succeeded in raising a church capable of containing two hundred worshippers. His sermons must have been far above the average of those delivered from Episcopalian pulpits about this time—that of the Cowgate in Edinburgh, which was then filled by the elder Allison, of course, excepted; for when republished, they attracted the favorable notice of the English reviewers, and in particular, of the *Anti-Jacobin*, who characterizes Gleig as "the most learned and correct of the Scotch literati,"—no slight compliment when it is remembered that Robertson and Dugald Stewart were then his contemporaries. He had formed a close connection with the "*Encyclopedia Britannica*," the second edition of which was then in course of preparation; and from being its prime adviser on theology and metaphysics, he ultimately stepped into the editorship, and completed the work. He was also a contributor to the *British Critic* and the *Anti-Jacobin*, and was regarded as a leading man in the world of English letters; for he does not appear to have sought to make a place for himself nearer home. Distinctions and more substantial rewards followed; and though he had been denied a seat in the college of bishops, Dr. Gleig was in himself a power in the Scottish Episcopal Church, which the primus would not bend himself to conciliate, and which he could not venture openly to defy. The strong character of Primus Skinner, and the jealousy with which he guarded the episcopal college from the admission of any member who

might go into opposition to his own policy, had created dissatisfaction among a large number of presbyters, especially those of the southern dioceses; and these looked to Dr. Gleig as the champion of their party. His connection with the reviews made him rather an object of dread to his opponents, and though they could keep him out of the episcopal college, they could not keep him from criticising its doings in journals circulating among English Churchmen, before whom Scottish bishops were naturally anxious that their doings should be represented in the best light. It cannot, however, be said that Dr. Gleig abused his power; for when he found that his connection with the *Anti-Jacobin* was implicating him in all its reflections upon Scottish Episcopacy, he formally closed his connection with that periodical. "This" (his alliance with the *Anti-Jacobin*) "procured to me so much coldness from different persons whose friendship I had long enjoyed and highly valued, and was attended with other disagreeable circumstances of so much more importance, that I found myself under the necessity of withdrawing my regular contributions from the *Anti-Jacobin*, and circulating among my friends an assurance that I had done so." This step involved considerable self-denial, for the *Anti-Jacobin* was then in the zenith of its popularity, and a power in the press of the day.

The persistent exclusion of a clergyman of Dr. Gleig's position and abilities from the episcopate in course came to be a scandal in the Church. Twice after his first election did majorities of the see of Dunkeld choose him for their bishop, and as often was their choice overruled by the influence of the primus. We would be loath to charge so exemplary a prelate as Primus Skinner with being influenced by personal rancor, but he appears to have had a remarkable aptitude for reconciling his antipathies to Gleig with his duty to the Church. Dr. Gleig seems to have accepted his rejections by the episcopal college with entire indifference, feeling, doubtless, that the general recognition which his abilities were receiving from every other quarter would not be affected by the conduct of the Scottish episcopal bench. On the occasion of his second election to the bishopric of Dunkeld, in 1792, he does appear to have felt some resentment at the illegal conduct of the college in transferring the votes recorded for him to its own nominee, a young and untried man who had barely reached the canonical age. On this occasion he re-

corded a resolution that he would never allow himself to be subjected to similar insult. In course of time, however, it became felt, by all who had the interests of the Church at heart, that it was imperatively necessary to promote Dr. Gleig's election to a bishopric for the credit of the Episcopal college itself. He was proposed for the diocese of Edinburgh by Dr. Sandford, who was himself elected as a means of drawing the English and Scottish Episcopalians more closely together, much to Dr. Gleig's own satisfaction. On the third occasion when the Dunkeld presbyters made choice of him as their diocesan, in 1808, Dr. Gleig actively co-operated with the efforts of the primus to upset the election, in order to secure the see for his young friend Mr. Torry, in whose advancement he seems to have taken an earnest interest. Mr. Torry was naturally unwilling to accept office to the prejudice of his friend and in opposition to the choice of the majority of the presbyters, and Dr. Gleig himself had to use his influence to get him to consent to being elected.

Be assured, my dear sir [writes Dr. Gleig to him] that it will give me unfeigned pleasure to see you Bishop of Dunkeld; and let not something like a preference given by the clergy to me prejudice you against accepting of an office of which Mr. Skinner assures me that *all* acknowledge you worthy, at the very instant that three of them voted for me. This is not a time for standing on punctilio or delicacy of feeling; and the clergy of Dunkeld are the more excusable for betraying a partiality for me from their knowledge of the manner in which I was formerly treated when elected to that see, and when I could have been of infinitely greater use to the Church there than I could now be as a bishop.

Hardly, however, had the Dunkeld election been settled, when Dr. Gleig received the news that the Brechin presbyters had unanimously chosen him as coadjutor to their aged bishop; and this time the primus did not venture to thwart the election of the clergy.

But though Primus Skinner could not go the length of keeping Gleig out of the episcopate, he insisted on his submitting to a test which had never before been formally demanded of a Scottish bishop, and which the primus probably hoped Gleig would resist, and thus give him an opportunity of cancelling the election for his contumacy. The test incident led to a very pretty passage of arms between the primus and the bishop-designate, in which certainly Bishop Skinner did not get the best of it. The Episcopal Church of Scot-

land possesses two communion offices — one the well-known form of the Common Prayer-book, and the other the Scottish office, based mainly on King Charles's Prayer-book, and finally settled by the non-juring bishops in the first half of the eighteenth century. Except in so far as the Scottish office keeps up the communion of saints by a "remembrance of the faithful departed," there is practically not much difference between the two; although custom and prejudice have contrived to extract theological odium out of the respective merits of the Scottish and Anglican "uses." Gleig was the only presbyter in his diocese who used the Scottish office; and this fact might have been accepted as sufficient warranty for the absence of any prejudice on his part against it. Bishop Skinner broached the subject in what he evidently considered a very diplomatic letter, dwelling on his desire for "the preservation of what was pure and primitive" in the Church, and laying down a declaration, which Dr. Gleig was required to sign as a condition of the ratification of his election by the episcopal college. Probably the bishop thought that Dr. Gleig would be afraid of running counter to the sympathies of his Anglican friends by a public declaration in favor of the Scottish office; but the primus speedily found that, for once, he had met his match. Dr. Gleig was quite ready to sign the declaration required "whether he was promoted to the episcopal bench or not;" but he could not let slip the opportunity to read a severe lecture to his opponent. "I trust," he said, "that I shall be left at liberty to recommend the office by those means in my power which appear to my own judgment best adapted to the end intended. Controversy does not appear to me well adapted to this end, unless it be managed with great delicacy indeed. . . . Public controversy I will never directly employ, nor will I encourage it in others." Bishop Skinner accepted this implied rebuke, and Gleig was duly consecrated Bishop of Brechin. When he was installed in the see, he found evidence of his own election to the bishopric of Brechin many years before, the news of which had been so sedulously concealed — in all probability by the episcopal college — that he had never even heard a rumor of the event.

To trace the course of Bishop Gleig's episcopate would be to write a history of the Episcopal Church of Scotland from 1811 to 1840. He entered the episcopal college at a more advanced age, and with

a more matured experience than Scottish bishops of that day were usually possessed of. He commanded the confidence of both the Scottish and the Anglican parties in the Church, and successfully used his influence to adjust the balance and reconcile differences between the two. His broad mind showed him the way to surmount obstacles that had seemed insuperable to the narrower experience of the northern bishops. He found the Church still suffering from the effects of its former position of discord with society and with law, and it was his strenuous effort to bring it into harmony with the best objects of both. It was mainly due to his efforts that the present firm alliance between the sister Churches was made and cemented, and that the rights of Scottish bishops obtained due recognition from the English metropolitans. His charges breathe a spirit that is at once catholic and broad; and while he is ever tolerant of individual convictions, he is extremely liberal in the permissive scope which he gives to his clergy. Wherever party spirit approaches him, he invariably seeks to meet it halfway, and to sacrifice his personal views so far as these may not be fettered by principle. Such a spirit speedily bore fruit in the councils of the Church. The great body of clergy were with him in his proposals for reform; even the Rev. John Skinner of Forfar, the son of the primus, hastened to give Bishop Gleig his warm support, and strove to influence his father to co-operation. But though all the world was subdued, "the stubborn mind of Cato" remained unshaken. The old primus thus testily writes in answer to his son's well-meaning counsel: —

I must decline all further discussion of this subject unless it come from another quarter. You have a bishop of your own, . . . and you would need to be cautious in appealing to me, as able, in my official capacity, to "bring the matter to an issue;" but you thereby confirm a jealousy, perhaps already excited, that *another* is, in fact, the *senior prelate*, and that I am only the late venerable Scottish Primus, Bishop Skinner!

In fact, the primus could not fail to see that the Bishop of Brechin had entirely overlapped his influence in the Church. He yielded so far, however, as to call a synod, in which Bishop Gleig succeeded in giving effect to his desire for uniformity, and in securing to the body of the clergy the right of making the laws of the Church, which the episcopal college had so long denied them.

In his own see his efforts to improve the clerical standard were unremitting, especially to secure a reading and thinking clergy. Many of the oldest presbyters were apparently men of mediocre education and of narrow prejudices, and, as such, unable to hold their own when brought into rivalry with English Episcopalian priests. "Good men of decent manners and respectable talents" were the class that Bishop Gleig sought for ordination. One unfortunate incumbent, with whom the bishop had a good deal of trouble, was a very bad reader, and Dr. Gleig earnestly urged on him the propriety of taking lessons. "But from whom shall I take lessons, sir?" asked the presbyter. "From anybody, sir," was the bishop's curt rejoinder. His advice to his clergy about reading the books which he had exerted himself to procure for the diocesan library was characterized by much liberality and sound sense. "I begin," he says, "with telling you that there is not one of the volumes which you will receive that does not contain something that is exceptionable, as well as much that is excellent; but every one of them is calculated to compel the serious and attentive reader to think for himself; and it is such reading only as produces this effect that is really valuable. Clergymen who wish to improve their knowledge in divinity do not read one or two approved works with the view of committing their contents to memory, as a child commits to memory the contents of the Catechism. It is the business of those who are to be the teachers of others to prove all things, that they may hold fast that which they really know to be good, and not to adopt as good, and without examination, the opinions of a mere man, however eminent either for natural talents or acquired knowledge, for the Scriptures alone are entitled to implicit confidence."

Bishop Gleig's accession to the primacy on the episcopal bench can scarcely be said to have strengthened his influence or raised his standing, for even before Primus Skinner's death his voice had been the ruling oracle in the Church's counsels. Bishop Skinner's death, however, removed from the Church the last shackles of provincialism, and in a great measure changed the position of Primus Gleig from a sedulous promoter of liberal reforms to a judicious guardian of the Church's conservative character, lest, the brake being removed, the coach might run too fast down hill. It was not unnatural that so strong-minded an administrator as Bishop Gleig

should fall into the same mistake as he had combated against on the part of the last primus — the assumption of a greater personal responsibility in the government of the Church than was strictly warranted by his theoretical position in the Scottish college as "*primus inter pares*." His word, however, was so much law with his colleagues that he was perfectly safe in anticipating their concurrence; and his policy was attended with this benefit to the Church, that during his primacy the conduct of Church affairs, especially the filling up of charges and dioceses, was managed apart from the influences of cliques and family parties, which had been so manifestly exercised in an earlier period. The long-standing jealousy between north and south was imperceptibly effaced under Bishop Gleig's prudent management; and he left the Church, which he had found full of local divisions and factions, a solid and harmonious body. The present generation knows the Episcopal Church of Scotland as a flourishing and influential body that has surmounted all the prejudices that were originally directed against its position, and that has attained an authority in Anglican Christendom far out of proportion to its revenues and numbers. If we come to closely trace the steps by which the Scottish Episcopal Church has attained this eminence, we shall find that most of them were taken under Bishop Gleig's guidance, and that a very large measure of its popularity and prosperity in the present day is the direct fruit of his prevision.

During Dr. Gleig's primacy the king's visit to Scotland took place, and the interesting episode of the presentation of an address by the bishops occurred. The chief anxiety that troubled the college turned upon Bishop Jolly's wig. This "property" seems to have been an integral part of the college of bishops; and though the primus and his colleagues doubted its effect upon the emotions of royalty, they hesitated to suggest that it might be altered or dispensed with. In 1811 this wig had been described by a visitor to the bishop as "indeed something remarkable. It was of a snow-white color, and stood out behind his head in enormous curls of six or eight inches in depth." It was a favorite object of admiration to the boys of Fraserburgh, to whom, when he heard them commenting on his "terrible wig," the good bishop replied, "I'm not a terrible Whig, boys, but a good old Tory." And so Bishop Jolly, wig and all, waited upon the king, who was much

struck by his venerable appearance. An address composed by the primus was presented to his Majesty; and the last link between the Church and its ancient allegiance was now severed by its personal homage to the house of Hanover.

With all his episcopal activity, Dr. Gleig never laid aside his early literary tastes. His pen was never idle; and if it was not employed in the affairs of his diocese in charges, or in papers connected with the interests of the Church, it was at work for the publishers. An edition of Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," and a work on theology in a series of letters from a bishop to his son preparing for holy orders, are among the most considerable works which he produced during his later years. His strong literary predilections must have been greatly gratified by the mark which his son, now the ex-chaplain-general, was making by his novels and historical works. In that son *Maga* takes a pride in owning her oldest living contributor, the last of that goodly band who, knit together by the common bond of talent and Toryism, twined green laurels around her still young brows. Mr. Gleig had left the army, after seeing a good deal of active service, and taken orders in the Church, much to his father's satisfaction. His story of "The Subaltern" appeared in *Blackwood*, as early as 1824-25, and showed all the signs of that literary talent to which the readers of *Maga* have been so frequently indebted for over half a century. The old bishop was much aided by his son's assistance in Church affairs during the last years of his life; and he would have had a difficulty in finding a more judicious adviser.

Bishop Gleig continued to live at Stirling all his life, and never resided within his own diocese—a custom which, strange to say, was the general practice of the Scottish bishops down to the middle of the present century. "His house," says his son, "was a very comfortable, unpretending edifice, on the outskirts of the town, and commanded from the windows in the rear one of the most beautiful views in Scotland—the valley of the Forth, with the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, and the Ochils, Lomond, and Touch hills bounding it on every side. Here he lived a simple, earnest, useful life, respected by his Church, by society, and by the people who came in contact with him. Here also he dispensed with a free hand a modest and simple hospitality, in which all who obtained access to it were delighted to participate, for his conversational powers were not inferior to his literary abilities;

and as a teller of stories, of which he seemed to possess no end, he had few equals." A good many of those which Dean Ramsay collected and published he learned from Bishop Gleig; and many more well deserved to be had in remembrance. Unfortunately, however, these things, if not noted down when fresh, soon pass out of men's memories; but one which thoroughly upset the gravity of an archiepiscopal dinner-table we happen to recollect.

The bishop visited London in the spring of 1811, and dined, among other places, at Lambeth Palace with Archbishop Manners Sutton. The company and conversation were alike decorous, till the subject of dilapidations was broached, and the liability of the English clergy to build and keep in repair their parsonages, and of rectors to deal in like manner with the chancels of their churches, was dealt upon. One of the party, an English dignitary, had travelled in Scotland the previous summer, and was eloquent on the good old Scottish custom which devolves these burdens upon the heritors. He referred especially to a particular parish, of which we have forgotten the name, but in which, not the manse only, but the church also, had been entirely rebuilt at the expense of the laird. "Oh," observed Bishop Gleig, "I know that parish well, and I will tell you how it comes to be so well provided with both kirk and manse. When I was a lad, the laird, who happened to be lord advocate at the time, was likewise the patron. He took little interest in either kirk or manse till the old minister fell sick and died, when, within an hour of the event, his servant, whose name was Hugh, opened the library door and told him that the schoolmaster requested an audience. The schoolmaster, a 'sticket stibbler,' as most Scottish parish schoolmasters were in those days, had the reputation of being more of a wag than a scholar; and the lord advocate, himself a humorist, desired the dominie to be shown up. The dominie entered the great man's room, whom he found sitting at a writing-table with papers and books before him. 'Well, Mr. M'Gowan, what is your business with me?' 'My lord, I just called to ask your lordship wad gie me the kirk.' 'You, Mr. M'Gowan! why, they tell me you are but a poor scholar. Can you read Latin?' 'O ay, my lord, just as well as your lordship can read Hebrew.' 'Let's see,' replied the lord advocate, opening at the same time a Latin grammar which happened to be beside him; 'read me these two lines and give me the English for them.' The lines ran thus:—

En, ecce, hic, primum quartum quintumve requirunt, —
 Heu petit et quintum, velut O, hei vœque dativum.

The dominie glanced them through, and without a moment's hesitation gave this rendering: '*En, ecce, hic, primum*, — You see, my lord, I'm the first; *quartum quintumve requirunt*, — there will be four or five seeking it; *heu petit et quintum*, — Hugh asks five hundred marks for his good word; *velut O*, — like a cipher as he is; *hei vœque dativum*, — but wae worth me if I gie it to him.' The lord advocate was so tickled with the schoolmaster's ready wit, that he not only gave him the living, but rebuilt both manse and kirk."

Sunday with the bishop was always a feast-day. He made a point of having four or five members of his congregation — poor, but gentle — to dine with him on that day. A half-pay lieutenant; a reduced militia officer, who eked out his small means by giving lessons in French; a couple of maiden ladies who made a scanty living by selling tea; and others of the same grade. Before these he would pour out his stores of humor and general talk as freely as when Dr. Parr and Mr. Ricardo, the political economist, were his guests. He took great delight, also, in seeing young people happy; nor can we doubt that many, now grey-headed men and women, still look back with pleasure on the little unpretending dances in which they took part under his roof, while the venerable man sat and smiled upon them for an hour before retiring to his study, and leaving them to the care of his faithful housekeeper and step-daughter, Miss Fulton. In the account which his son gives of his last days we have beautifully portrayed the closing scene of a well-spent life, ripe with years and honors; and a simple yet dignified dissolution as fitly closes the career of a Christian bishop.

The reverence which the people paid to the old man was very touching. A large stone was placed on the footpath of the road which leads from the old Stirling Bridge to the village of Causeyhead. It was about half a mile, or perhaps a little more, from his house. He used to rest upon it before returning. It was called the Bishop's Stone; and if it be still in existence, it retains, I have no doubt, the same name. By-and-by strength failed him even for this, and for a year or so his only movement was from his bedroom to his study — the one adjoining the other. Darkness set in upon him rapidly after this; and it is sad to look back upon, that though he knew me at first on my arrival, he soon began to talk to

me about myself as if I had been a stranger, and often with the humor which seemed never to leave him to the last. Even then, however, the spirit of devotion never left him. Often on going into his room I found him on his knees, and as he was very deaf, I was obliged to touch him on the shoulder before he could be made aware that any one was near him. On such occasions the look which he turned upon me was invariably that of one lifted above the things of the earth. I shall never forget the expression — it was so holy, and yet so bright and cheerful. I was not with him when he died. The last attack of illness did its work very speedily; but Miss Fulton told me that he slept his life away as quietly as an infant sleeps.

It is characteristic of the unobtrusive work of the Scottish Episcopal Church, that lives like those of Gleig and Jolly — lives which are capable of imparting a deep lesson to a world that is not overburdened with earnestness and sincerity — should for the most part be hid within its own annals. Lives so simple and unpretentious, so full of lofty feeling and humble ambitions, have found a congenial chronicler in Mr. Walker.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE GREAT UNLOADED.

HE called himself the Reverend James Johnstone, M.A. There are some grounds for believing that his Christian name was James; on the other hand, there are the strongest grounds for doubting whether his surname was Johnstone. It matters not; he lives in my memory as "The Great Unloaded."

My eldest brother Tom has a property in Scotland called Bogmore, not of great extent, but with very good mixed shooting. Personally he never cared much for shooting; and when he took actively to politics a few years ago, he practically handed over the charge of the game to his younger brothers. I usually appeared at Bogmore in the end of July or beginning of August, and remained until the middle of October. But in 187- I spent the whole of August on the Continent, and the first fortnight in September with a friend in England, and so did not reach Bogmore Castle until the 17th or 18th of September.

I arrived in time for a late dinner. On entering the drawing-room I found that its sole occupant was a man who was standing at one of the windows. The evening was dark, and I could only see that he was tall and bulky. He turned towards me,

and I bowed, and said something about just arriving in time for dinner.

"Mr. Francis Douglas, I feel sure by the voice," said the unknown. "How like your good brother's it is!" and he wrung me warmly by the hand.

Further conversation was prevented by the arrival of the rest of the party, and in a few minutes we were in the dining-room. "Mr. Johnstone," said my brother, and the unknown waved a hand over his glasses, muttered some words inaudibly, and we all sat down.

It was plain from the outset that dinner was a serious thing with Mr. Johnstone. He adjusted his napkin as a man who has a long, cold drive before him adjusts his rug, and at once possessing himself of the nearest *menu*, read it diligently from beginning to end. After a minute's anxious reflection he raised his head, and then for the first time I had an opportunity of examining his face. It was massive and well-shaped, and of a uniform red, with the exception of the brow. The eyebrows were shaggy, and the eyes, so far as visible (for he wore enormous spectacles), were large and brown. He was clean shaven; the lower part of the face was broad and somewhat sensual, but when he smiled his expression was very winning. He appeared to be between forty and fifty years of age. He conversed little during dinner, and ate almost incessantly, but with great discrimination. Once I saw an expression of reproachful regret come over his face, like a cloud over a frosty sun, when, after accepting and beginning operations on some grouse, he perceived that there was also woodcock. He murmured "Tut, tut!" softly, looked again at the *menu* (in which woodcock did *not* appear), and glanced reproachfully at my sister-in-law ere he resumed his grouse.

Dinner over, on the motion of Mr. Johnstone, instead of joining the ladies we adjourned to the billiard-room, where I was formally introduced to him. In the course of conversation I mentioned that I had been at Trinity College, Cambridge.

"Why, you're a Cambridge man, Johnstone, are you not?" said Tom.

"Ah! those Trinity swells know nothing of poor little Corpus, I suppose."

I was forced to admit that I did not know a single man in Corpus, whereupon he began to enlarge upon his university exploits. By his own account he must have been in the university eleven, and one of the best racket and tennis players of his day. He spoke by name of several dons, whom I knew, and asked if they still kept up their

tennis. That he could play billiards I was left in no doubt, as, during our conversation, he gave me thirty in one hundred, and beat me easily.

"Do you shoot, Mr. Johnstone?" I inquired, to exhaust the list of his accomplishments.

"Ah! there," he said, laying down his cue, "you boys have the pull of the old man. I love it, but I can't do it. Never can get my gun off in time; and if I could, there's usually nothing in it. I'm a heavy man, and slow at my fences; I draw my cartridges and forget to replace them. But, Douglas, I must be off, or Linton and John will be dragging the Tay for me." And with these words he took his leave.

"And now, Tom," I said, "who is your friend?"

Tom thereupon made a somewhat disjointed statement to the following effect: He first met Mr. Johnstone in the beginning of August at a *table d'hôte* luncheon in the hotel of S—, a neighboring village which is rapidly being converted into a fashionable summer resort. Mr. Johnstone, in the course of conversation, explained that he was in holy orders, with a living in the south of England (the name of which was never revealed); and that following high academic example he had come into the wilds for the purpose of coaching or grinding one young gentleman (who sat next him) for his matriculation at Cambridge in the following October. He told Tom that this young fellow's name was George Linton, and that he had a considerable fortune, and was extremely well connected, so highly and irregularly, indeed, that he (Mr. Johnstone) dared not whisper the quarter. Mr. Johnstone further stated that he was in search of suitable lodgings but could find none in the overcrowded village. Now it so happened that at this time there was standing empty a cottage belonging to Tom called "The Nest." It had until recently been always occupied by a watcher; but its last occupant having watched the game more on his own account than that of his master, was in respect thereof dismissed; and Tom, who was very dilatory, had not filled up his place. Before the end of luncheon "The Nest" was let for an indefinite number of weeks to Mr. Johnstone and his "beloved charge," as he was pleased to call him. How the watcher's place was filled the sequel will show.

On cross-examination Tom admitted that he had seen a good deal of his tenants since the beginning of their lease; that he had given young Linton (who did not care

for shooting) unlimited permission to fish both for salmon and trout; and that, in addition to frequently asking Johnstone to shoot, he had given him leave to roam at large, with or without his gun (his "toy" he called it—it was as large as a howitzer), over the moor adjoining "The Nest." At this statement I, as head keeper in vacation, gave a whistle of dismay.

"You need not be alarmed," said Tom, "he can't hit a haystack. As he said himself when he asked leave, 'My toy is company to me, and can't hurt a living thing.' Poor old Johnstone! you would have laughed if you had seen him yesterday, with his gun at half-cock, *and* unloaded, hanging on to a bird till it went leisurely out of sight. But you can judge for yourself to-morrow; I asked him to come and go out with you."

And come he did, and again and yet again; and proved himself to be first-rate company, but the worst of shots. He perpetually drew his cartridges, and forgot to replace them. It was this ridiculous habit which earned for him the title of "The Great Unloaded." But he was quite safe; not merely owing to the frequent absence of cartridges, but in the management of his gun. And so September rolled away, and October came in. By this time Mr. Johnstone had become universally popular, except in one quarter—the Episcopal clergyman of the place. This gentleman tried again and again, but without success, to induce Mr. Johnstone to take or assist him in his service. Mr. Johnstone said that he made it an invariable rule to refuse such requests, and that his holiday would be no holiday if he once gave in.

With this exception there were no bounds to his popularity. The young fellows liked him because he made them laugh. He had been educated, I cannot doubt, at an English public school, and one of the great English universities; and he had accordingly a fund of experiences to relate. He had a way of interlarding his conversation with quaint words and phrases that was very taking; and, but for his cloth, he would doubtless have been a perfect mint of strange oaths. Then his laugh, especially at his own jokes, was most infectious—a rich, gurgling laugh expressive of deep enjoyment, and accompanied by a quivering of the whole frame.

By the ladies he was equally beloved; partly on account of his prowess at lawn-tennis, and partly (this was an instance of the converse of courting the child for the sake of the nurse) for the sake of his

"beloved charge," who was currently believed to be a nobleman in disguise or temporary disgrace.

To Tom he had become indispensable. He was a good talker, and, when it suited him, a better listener. He allowed Tom to hold forth to him for hours upon his hobby for the time—politics, agriculture, the relations of capital and labor, or whatever it might be; and just spoke enough to show that he was listening intelligently. These conversations were utter destruction to shooting, as not a bird within earshot would sit; but then neither Tom nor his tenant cared much for shooting.

While the return of October brings in pheasant-shooting, it sends undergraduates (and their coaches) back to their labors; so, to accommodate Mr. Johnstone, Tom good-naturedly agreed to shoot his best coverts in the second week of October. The autumn shooting at Bogmore is of a most enjoyable kind. The bags are not enormous, but there is a chance of getting all kinds of game, including black-game, woodcock (which breed there), and occasionally roe.

On the 10th of October "The Great Unloaded" arrived punctually, accompanied by his man John (surname unknown), his "toy," and a sack of cartridges, loaded, it may be here mentioned, with sawdust-powder. This same sawdust-powder, which was at that time on its probation, Mr. Johnstone preferred to the powder of commerce, because (as he explained) it caused less concussion and less smoke, and also (as he did not explain, but as I now believe) because it made less noise. The beat before lunch was one of the best in the day's work; and special pains were taken to post the best guns in the best places—and, of necessity, the bad shots in the worst. Mr. Johnstone, accordingly, was relegated to a spot of great natural beauty, which was usually unprofaned by a shot. He was not told this, so he went to his post blithely. To punish us for thus grossly deceiving a good man, no sooner were the beaters well off, than it was seen that, contrary to their usual custom, the inhabitants of the wood, both furred and feathered, were, with one accord, flocking to "The Great Unloaded's" corner. It was necessary to reinforce him at once.

"Run, Frank," shouted Tom—"run on to the gate and head them! they are breaking away in scores. Poor old Johnstone is being mobbed." Would that I had left him to his fate; he could have endured it. I at once hurried up the hill

to the rescue, only to find that reinforcements were neither desired nor required. Tom might have "stowed" his pity; poor old Johnstone was doing pretty well in his painful position.

As I rapidly approached the scene of the reverend gentleman's labors I heard the incessant report of the sawdust-cartridges; and on coming within twenty or twenty-five yards of the spot, a remarkable sight met my view. "The Great Unloaded" was transformed: he was spectacled and unloaded no longer; as he would have said himself, "Spectacles was out, cartridges was in!" He stood with his back towards me, at one side of a ride, with his great eyes, unobscured by glasses, raking the covert opposite. The ground around was strewn with game. Just as I arrived a cock-pheasant came rocketing over his head; he took it as it came, dropped it neatly at his feet, and reloaded in an instant. I was about to compliment him on his success, when to my astonishment his man John, who had picked up the bird, proceeded to put it into an enormous inside pocket in his coat. His master at once objected to this, but not on the ground I should have expected and hoped. "Not him, John—not him; how often must I remind you, he's as tough as old boots. No, no; give Mr. Douglas his dues. Oh, the florid taste of the uneducated and unrefined! Ha! my young and artless maiden, my white-fleshed darling!"—and oh, shame! down came a young hen-pheasant—"this is sad; here to-day, in the pot to-morrow: pouch her, John; she's worth ten of her worthy old sire."

And so he ran on, speaking partly to himself and partly to John, and killing everything that showed itself with rapidity and accuracy. No protracted aim, no empty barrels here. After killing a pheasant and an old blackcock right and left, he exclaimed,—

"James! James!" (this is my authority for believing his name to be James) "this is imprudent! but I must let out to-day. Nothing more in your line, thank you. *Monsieur le vieux Alphonse* may proceed to the bosom of his family."

The last remark was addressed to an old hare which had hobbled on to the ride, and sat up listening. At this point a cry of "woodcock" arose. If Mr. Johnstone was excited before, he was electrified now. He waited with admirable patience while the graceful bird wound its way through the tops of the young trees; but as it darted across the ride, he dropped it ten-

derly on the turf. The sawdust seemed scarcely to whisper as it slew the delicate morsel. John stepped forward to pick it up. "John! John! leave that bird alone; lay not your sacrilegious hand upon it."

He then advanced, picked it up, stroked its feathers admiringly, and (oh, wonder!) carefully deposited it in one of his pockets, apostrophizing it thus, as he did so: "You feathered joy, you condensed pleasures of the table, so succulent yet so portable, so young yet so thoughtful, flying from the rash ignorance of youth to the experienced palate of age!"

Cries of "woodcock" again.

"Oh, James, this is too—too much!"

Down came the bird; and it was picked up, stroked, patted, apostrophized, and pouched in the same way as its deceased relative. Mr. Johnstone then extended the fingers of his left hand, and thereon with the forefinger of his right hand impressively counted four. I now believe that the true meaning of this operation was that the reverend rascal had that day shot and pocketed four woodcock. Suddenly there came a wild cry of "roe to the left;" Johnstone with the rapidity of lightning changed his cartridges and tore off in that direction.

I stood speechless with astonishment; by degrees my bewilderment yielded to indignation, and that again, as I took in the true meaning of the scene, to a feeling of intense amusement. Neither Johnstone nor John had observed me—they were too much occupied—so I cautiously withdrew and returned to my old post. The beat was soon over, and lunch appeared, and with it Mr. Johnstone, spectacled once more and radiant from exertion and triumph. He had slain the roe; the news did not now much surprise me.

"A game-bag for Mr. Johnstone," cried Tom; and Johnstone lowered himself on to it with a restful sigh, taking care, I observed, not to sit down on the pockets which contained his spoil.

"Well, how did the 'toy' work to-day, your reverence? There were not many pauses in its discourse," said Tom.

"I blush," said Mr. Johnstone, "from the novelty of the situation; a few thoughtless birds and beasts have positively come against my gun and hurt themselves."

"Did you see any woodcock?"

"You make me blush again, Douglas, but from another cause; I admit with shame that I not only saw but fired at four."

This was indeed playing with fire; but I think that, notwithstanding his reckless

effrontery, I should have spared him, had he not gratuitously attacked me at random upon a sore subject.

"By the way, Master Frank," (how familiar he had become!) "were you the inhuman monster who shot off an old cock's tail? He wobbled past me, and he looked so miserable without his rudder, that I put him out of pain."

Now I *had* had a snap shot at a cock-pheasant, and I *had* shot off his tail; but I hoped to escape exposure, and this was too much for my temper.

"It's a pity you killed him," I said; "he's not worth picking up — he's as tough as old boots."

At the moment I used these suggestive words, Mr. Johnstone's mouth was full of something good. He looked reflectively at me, and swallowed his morsel very deliberately before he replied.

"Well, that is the strangest reason for not shooting a bird I ever heard; how far does your prejudice extend, Frank?"

"I draw the line at woodcock."

"At woodcock, you young sybarite! why, I don't believe you know what trail is."

"As I was saying, Mr. Johnstone, I draw the line at woodcock. They are such feathered joys, so succulent yet so portable —"

Mr. Johnstone here dropped his plate and started to his feet. What had happened? Mr. Johnstone had, he said, been sitting unawares on an ant's nest. He shook himself, flicked himself, and mopped himself all over; and then, shifting his game-bag nearer Tom, plunged into a political discussion which lasted until lunch was over. His were "fast colors," and as he could not blush, so was he incapable of turning white or green. He showed no further signs of agitation or discomfiture.

No sooner had I allowed the unmistakable word "succulent" to escape me than I repented; I had (as I still have) a sneaking liking for "The Great Unloaded," and from that moment I determined to screen him if I could. Nothing worth recording occurred during the afternoon; and as the last beat finished near "The Nest," we bade Mr. Johnstone good night there. A long good night, as I have not seen him since.

I was not much surprised when, next morning, Tom received a note from "The Nest" to the following effect: —

MY DEAR DOUGLAS, — By the time this reaches you I shall be in Edinburgh on my way south. That disobliging ass

Vickers has telegraphed to say that he cannot take my duty next Sunday. So "*cedant arma togæ*," down with the gun, on with the surplice. My affections remain with you and your birds and bunnies. With many thanks for a most enjoyable summer from my beloved charge and myself, I remain yours faithfully,

JAMES JOHNSTONE.

P.S. — Remember me *kindly* to Frank.

He was much lamented by the whole party, including myself; and his sudden departure cast a gloom over the day's sport, although perhaps more of the game shot was *picked up* than on the day before.

I frequently found myself during and since that day trying to form a dispassionate estimate of this great man's character. I firmly rejected the idea that he had acted from any criminal motive. Indeed it would not have been easy to frame a charge against him. He was neither trespasser nor poacher; he had Tom's express permission to walk over his ground and shoot his game if he could. And as to his appropriation of the game when shot — why, from a legal point of view, the birds were, strictly speaking, his by right of capture, not Tom's. Turning then with relief from the at first sight criminal aspect of the case, what remained? I could not disguise from myself that there was a pretty perceptible dash of moral obliquity in the conduct of "The Great Unloaded." He had beyond doubt pretended that he could not shoot, while he could shoot like a Walsingham. What was the motive for this duplicity? At one time I was afraid I should have to answer this question in a way very discreditable to my reverend friend. In the course of a cautious investigation which I instituted, I ascertained from the station-master at S — that packages labelled "perishable" were frequently despatched southwards by Mr. Johnstone during his tenancy of "The Nest." Mr. Johnstone had been good enough to explain that these mysterious consignments were Scotch delicacies for the consumption of his aged mother. There was no further evidence of their contents; and of this at least I felt sure, that if they did contain game, no "feathered joys" found their way into the London market or into the mouth of the dowager Mrs. Johnstone. And this leads me to the only conclusion for which there seems to be some solid foundation, — namely, that even if profit formed a factor in Mr. Johnstone's little game, his leading motive was to provide constant material for the pleasures of the

table in which his soul delighted. And was he to be severely condemned for this? Suppose, reader, that you shot a woodcock unobserved; what would you do? Tell about it, no doubt, and to every one you saw. Moved thereto by honesty unadorned? Has not vanity a little to do with it? To test the matter, say, did you ever shoot one, and allow it to be supposed for one moment that any one else shot it? Probably not. It comes, then, to this — which is the meaner vice, vanity or greed? But perhaps I am rather a partial advocate; or perhaps, after all, the fault lay in the woodcock being so portable.

In the course of my investigation I made a few inquiries in other quarters concerning "The Great Unloaded's" mode of life during his tenancy of "The Nest;" but little transpired that did not redound to his credit. His rent and his tradesmen's bills were paid in full through a local solicitor. It may be mentioned parenthetically that while his grocer's bill for sauces and condiments was considerable and constant, his butcher's bill was small and intermittent, especially from and after the 12th of August. I tried to draw his late cook, a remarkably shrewd old Scotch woman; but her deafness when I trenched on delicate ground was that of the nether millstone. I honor her for her loyalty, and I only trust that she was not under the spell of a more tender passion. She and her master had been thrown much together, as he spent a large portion of each day in the kitchen; and to see much of Mr. Johnstone was to love him. Fortunately love and admiration of a worthy object bring their reward with them. So great was Mr. Johnstone's fame as a good liver, that Kitty M'Isaac has ever since commanded her own price as a cook.

But was he the Reverend James Johnstone, M.A., of Corpus College, Cambridge? Surely this admitted of easy ascertainment. Well, I have not examined the books of Corpus or the clergy list, and I cannot tell. But if that name is to be found therein, I think I can safely say to its lawful owner, *non de te fabula narratur*.

From The Spectator.

THE POSITIVIST STRIKE FOR A LITURGY.

WE have referred to the rent in the minute Church of the Positivists, — the crack in the rather thin eggshell of the Religion of Humanity. There has been a

partial estrangement between those who think, with M. Laffitte, that the scientific side of Positivism, or what calls itself by that name, should take precedence of the moral and religious side, and those who think, with Mr. Congreve, that the emotional culture of the Positivist Church should take precedence of its scientific culture. In a sermon "delivered at the Positivist School, 19 Chapel Street, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C., on the Festival of Humanity, 1st Moses, 91 (January 1, 1879)"* Mr. Congreve explains, with his usual perfect equanimity, that the differences of opinion developed among the handful of the Positivists have turned out less serious than at one time he had been led to fear. Had Auguste Comte lived, he says, "to teach us what a pontiff should be, we might have escaped most of our present embarrassments. But left to ourselves, with a many-sided doctrine, and one whose greatest development was, by the necessity of the case, most perfect in the direction to which its author assigned the secondary, subordinate place, — a doctrine, therefore, not complete and rounded off to his wish in all its parts, but over-weighted in its intellectual, as compared with the practical and religious constituent, — it was hardly to be hoped that we should escape a divergence such as the present, which turns ultimately on the relative immediate importance of these two distinct yet, in our system, inseparable constituents." But Mr. Congreve, though deeply regretting the divergence, is rather relieved than otherwise at the form it has taken. The split has come, and there has, nevertheless, been no backsliding. The Positivists who hold to the more scientific school have not deserted Positivism. The Positivists who join with Mr. Congreve in a demand for the development of the Positivist worship have been wholly faithful to their master. There have been heartburnings, but none that Positivists, from their higher standpoint, cannot regard as temporary, — nay, as tending, perhaps, to a fuller development of Positivist energy than could have been secured without the schism. It appears that the schism originated with Mr. Congreve and those who think, with him, that Auguste Comte's religious principles were not adequately embodied in the habits of the Positivist communion prior to this schism: "Painful as the responsibility was of changing the pre-existent order, it seemed to me, as to others, that it was a duty from which

* Published by C. Kegan Paul & Co.

we might not shrink; that the taking it upon ourselves was the indispensable condition of a right presentment of the religion of humanity as the one paramount consideration; that a bolder, fuller, more direct assertion of the religious aspect of our doctrine was the essential want; lastly, that the worship, in some form or other, must precede the teaching in a more marked degree than it had hitherto done. The extreme slowness of our progress we thought due, and the words of our common master warrant our so thinking, to our own imperfect appreciation of, and insistence upon, this truth, more than to any external obstacle. We did not feel warranted by our experience, much less by the course of the discussion when the issue was once raised, in looking for any decided change in regard to this defect on the part of the then direction. The only alternative then was, either to acquiesce in that which we thought so imperfect, or, by a new combination, to attain complete freedom for working out our own conception of the true method to be pursued." And so the schism came. A certain number of French and a certain number of English Positivists — Protestant Positivists we may call them — joined in it. They "adhered strictly to that most important principle of avoiding all merely national formations." And Mr. Congreve and his friends are still "in full communion with the only other constituent of the West which furnishes religious disciples." We conclude, therefore, that the liturgical form which is prefixed to Mr. Congreve's discourse has been sanctioned, if not in detail, at least in principle, by the religious section of the French Positivists. On the 1st Moses, 91 were introduced, for, the first time, into the services of the Positivist Church "the short sentences which precede the sermon;" and "other additions," it is added, "will come in due time." Mr. Congreve declares of this new liturgy that its form "is due to the thoughtful co-operation of two members," and "with allowance for the accidental failure of the portrait" (whether of Humanity, or of Auguste Comte, or of Moses, whose month it was, it is left to outsiders to conjecture), "is, I think, very successful." The short sentences referred to, which are the chief results as yet of this portentous schism among a score or two of French and English Positivists, are, we suppose, those which immediately succeed the following invocation to Humanity:—

Holy and Glorious Humanity, on this thy Holy Day at the beginning of a new year, we

are met in praise, in prayer, in thanksgiving, to celebrate thy coming, in the fulness of time, for the visible perfecting of thy as yet unseen work.

Priest.— We bow before thee in thankfulness;

People.— As children of thy Past.

Priest.— We adore thee in hope;

People.— As thy ministers and stewards for the Future.

Priest.— We would commune with thee humbly in prayer;

People.— As thy servants in the Present.

All.— May our worship, as our lives, grow more and more worthy of thy great name.

Such are the truly magnificent first-fruits of the great religious schism, — involving perhaps a score of persons in England and it may be more still in France. Our readers must not imagine that there is in those who composed this form of liturgy any tinge of the feeling of mockery, — we should rather describe it as blasphemy if we thought it mockery at all, — which such parodies of Christian worship naturally suggest to men who have not followed out the quaint history of Positivism. These services and prayers, — there are other prayers, which, as they represent, we suppose, feelings among the Positivists as much akin to what we call devotion as those who ignore all existences higher than man's can entertain, we would rather not print, — are really and sincerely the expression of the highest Positivist piety. They are not parodies of Christian feelings. They are what Positivists maintain to be the legitimate residue of such feelings after the superstitions of theology have been purged away. The schism has evidently been a genuine strike for more and more earnest worship. These feeble little quavers of apostrophe to humanity, — as they seem to those who worship God in Christ, — are the expression of a genuine want, a sincere craving for more heat on the part of those who are weary of mere light. One part of the service of the new schismatic Positivist Church is devoted to the reading of Thomas à Kempis, but it is read with the changes described in the following grotesque explanatory note of Mr. Congreve's:—

We read the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, so strongly recommended by our founder as the most universally received manual of devotion and of a holy life; but it may be wise here, in order to avoid ambiguity or any doubt as to our use of it, to say that in using it we substitute Humanity for God; the social type for the personal type of Jesus; our own inward growth in goodness for outward

reward; the innate benevolent instincts for grace; our selfish instincts for nature.

Thomas à Kempis, thus translated into the Agnostic dialect, must read as unlike the "*Imitatio Christi*" as does the language of the benediction with which the Positivist liturgy closes, namely,—"The Faith of Humanity, the Hope of Humanity, the Love of Humanity, bring you comfort, and teach you sympathy, give you peace in yourselves, and peace with others, now and forever. Amen." Yet to those who realize, as careful readers of Mr. Congreve's discourse must do, that all this is not "making believe very much," but a grave self-assertion of the legitimate authority of devout feeling against some of the very few who had hitherto been his chief friends and supporters, there is something extremely pathetic as well as quaint in all this unreal and almost absurd *rifacimento* of the language of Christian adoration. No wonder that Humanity is addressed in one of the prayers as about to take to herself her "great power and reign," by inducing "all the members of the human family, now so torn by discord," to place themselves, "by the power of the unity of thy Past," "under thy guidance, *the living under the government of the dead.*" It is indeed the government of the dead, and the government of the dead only, as it seems to us, which could reconcile living men, who reject as superstitious all the doctrines of theology, first to discharge all the old meaning from the phraseology of worship, and then to cling to the form when the life is gone and make a solemn and painful duty of separating from those who agree heartily with them in creed, rather than fail in observances suggesting nothing but ghosts of repudiated faiths,—rather than neglect to sprinkle ceremoniously every one of the sacrifices of life with a salt which has lost its savor, and seems, no doubt, even to their own more rationally-minded brethren, henceforth fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men. Why need we wonder at Ritualism, in a day when Agnosticism itself is ritualistic? when it prefers to perform its worship in the presence of a portrait of (we suppose) one of Humanity's saints, when it composes liturgies to Humanity wherein priest and people unite in ascribing to that dim abstraction of their fancy, a fictitious existence and an imaginary Messianic glory. "We

acknowledge," says Mr. Congreve, "the sway of the dead." Nay, he not only acknowledges it, he hugs it, even after he has emancipated himself from the belief of the dead. He loves the echo of words of which the meaning for him has exhaled, and indulges himself in invocations to powers which he ostentatiously proclaims deaf and insensible. Nay, he goes so far even as to foster a barren passion of gratitude to space itself. "We gratefully commemorate also," he says in his discourse, "the services of our common mother, the earth, the planet which is our home, and with her the orbs which form the solar system, our world. We may not separate from this last commemoration that of the *milieu* in which we place that system, the Space which has ever been of great service to man, and is destined to be of greater by his wise use, as it becomes the recognized seat of abstraction, the seat of the higher laws which collectively constitute the destiny of man, and is introduced as such in all our intellectual and moral training." How "Space" is to become "the recognized seat of abstraction" is not explained; indeed, we should have thought Space as much, or as little, entitled to our gratitude, if it failed to become "the seat of abstraction," whatever such failure may mean, as if it succeeded in that ambitious enterprise. But however pallid these ghosts of the spiritual world which haunt the devotions of the pious (as distinguished from the scientific) Positivists may be, there is to us something very touching in this extraordinary craving for the restoration of the outside of worship, when the inside is utterly gone. It is difficult to believe that men who talk of "Space" in almost the same earnest and devout language in which we talk of God, are really feeding their souls with anything but wind; but even if they are but feeding them with wind, there is a pathos in this passionate conviction of theirs that they have a soul to feed, and that they must address flattering words to it, if they cannot address any meaning. We think we can tell them how this propitiation of Humanity and Space will end. It will end either in blank *ennui*, or in recognizing once more that under what they had deemed empty shadows, is the fulness of one who, being in the form of God and filling all space, made himself of no reputation, in order to touch even the thinnest fancies of our otherwise poor and pale humanity with his infinite life and love.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

A FIRE AT HONG KONG.

THE following account of the terrible fire which lately ravaged Hong Kong will be found interesting: "We certainly have had an exciting year: first the fearful rains-torm in May, then about a month since an earthquake, and now the worst fire ever known in Hong Kong. I, with some of our guests, went to the top of the house, where a gigantic column of flame and smoke rose before us. We soon saw that many houses were blazing. My guests left me, and I remained on the roof, seeing the circle of hills on which the city is built become more ghastly brilliant every minute. The shouts, cries, yells, and crash of the falling roofs became louder and louder; the harbor was so lighted up that I could see the boats putting off from the men-of-war. At last, at half past three, I heard the first explosion (they were beginning to blow up houses); and so, quitting the house, I went through streets which by nine were blazing ruins, and soon met homeless crowds carrying their little household goods; while the streets were as light as day, and shaking every now and then as the engineers blew up house after house. X. and the doctor returned at nearly six with a fearful tale. No one would take the responsibility of blowing up the lines of Chinese houses; and so most valuable time was lost, till on the appearance of the governor the order was promptly given. Then the appalling work commenced. We had barely returned for a brief rest when some coolies rushed into our garden, carrying furniture, and informed us that the chief magistrate's house had caught fire. This was awful news. If the magistracy had gone the gaol and the civil hospital must go. I roused up X., when in rushed a coolie to say the Roman Catholic cathedral was on fire. X. dressed himself in an instant, leaving me to follow with coolies carrying baskets of sandwiches and brandy and soda-water. I trust never to see such a sight again. The long road shaded with trees leading from our part of the town to the populous part was alive with Chinese carrying their goods, women huddled together over beds, baskets, boxes, stools, clothes, crockery — anything and everything in the way of personal goods. Small-footed women tottered along, held up by their children; while others bore some good bit of bronze or some family treasure. Several sewing-machines lay on the road, and I met a superb American piano carried along. Sick

people borne past in blankets told us that the hospital was on fire. Still we made our way to the front, through the smoke, up a street of small houses, mostly those of small Parsee merchants, who were huddling out bales of cotton, silks, embroideries, framed pictures, etc.; while so great was the mass of broken looking-glasses that walking became difficult. At last we reached the cordon of soldiers; and beyond it a blazing mass was all that remained of the civil hospital and eight other large houses. The governor and general stood there; and the governor said to me, 'I had to blow it up to save the gaol;' and then he whispered, 'God knows what we may have to do: there are nearly one thousand prisoners.' Now came the shrill blast of the bugle, 'Stand back all.' Out came from the smoke the engineer officers, having just laid the charges to blow up the rear of the hospital, which adjoined the gaol yard. Another explosion of bricks, blazing bits of rafter, a shower of sparks and blinding smoke, and a gorgeous cloud of colored flame showed the drugs stored in the hospital were alight. Then came a commotion which I did not understand. Soldiers marched up, fresh cries were raised; and a stranger coming up said, 'You had better stand up the rise of the hill, for they are about to bring out the prisoners.' It was like the riot scene in 'Barnaby Rudge.' I could hear the order, 'Fix bayonets;' and then down through the crowd and dust tramped the soldiers, with about one hundred wretched handcuffed creatures in their midst. When X. and I returned we followed the governor through the back entrance into the gaol, passing through the central police station, where the inspectors who are married men have large quarters. Here English furniture, books, ornaments, dresses lay about drenched with water. The governor of the gaol told me that the gaol was saved by the blowing up of the civil hospital, but that the danger then was from the police-station stables. Very soon they were gallantly broken open, principally by sailors, and huge piles of hay handed from man to man and thrown down the steep streets; and last night many homeless Chinese were cuddled under the hay. Now the block of buildings in front of the Oriental Bank was to be blown up. I hastened thither, through a never-ending scene of distress, to find the bank hung over with the handsome carpets soaked with water. Within doors papers were being packed in safes, bank-notes in fire-proof boxes, and so sent down to the har-

bor escorted by soldiers and placed in steam launches. I watched the blowing up of Ross's tailoring establishment, a fine block of buildings. Several fifty-pound charges of powder were laid, the bugle sounded again, and Ross's ceased to exist. This, however, saved our end of the town. Words cannot tell the scene in Queen's-road, one of the sights of the city, for here are (or rather were) the curiosity and bird shops. The place was deeply littered with broken glass and shattered vases, burning silks and gauzes, smashed ivories, lovely lacquer cabinets in fragments. I tumbled over a lot of hares, ducks, geese, pheasants, etc., the whole of a poulterer's stock. The fire brigade, mostly volunteers, were still working, looking thoroughly exhausted. Before one shop an Irish lad declared he could not let the birds be burned alive; and, though he was warned that a fifty-pound charge was in the house, he dashed in, broke open dozens of cages with his axe, and a flock of little canaries was all over Queen's-road in less than five minutes. By six o'clock in the evening all was over, smouldering ruins and falling walls only left."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CHARLES LAMB.

THE following new and characteristic anecdotes of Charles Lamb are well worth preservation. They formed a part of the ample recollections of the late Mr. John Chambers of Lee, Kent.

Mr. Chambers was for many years a colleague at the East India House of Charles Lamb, of whom he had a keen appreciation and warm admiration. He himself is referred to in the essay by Elia on "The Superannuated Man" under the letters Ch—, as "dry, sarcastic, and friendly," and in these words Lamb accurately defines his character. They probably worked together in the same room, or—in India-house language—"compound," a term which Lamb once explained to mean "a collection of simples." Chambers was the youngest son of the vicar of Radway, near Edgehill, to whom Lamb alludes in his letter given at page 307, vol. ii., first edition of Talfourd's "Letters of Charles Lamb" (Moxon, 1837). He was a bachelor, simple, methodical, and punctual in his habits, genial, shrewd, and generous, and of strong common sense. He lived, after his retirement from active duty in the East India Company's civil service, at a

snug cottage on the Eltham Road, near London, "with garden, paddock and coach-house adjoining," and delighted to gather round him a small circle of intimate friends, to whom, over a glass of "old port," he would relate, as he did with a peculiar indescribable dry humor, his experiences of men and things, and especially his reminiscences of the East India Company and of Charles Lamb. He always spoke of Lamb as an excellent man of business, discharging the duties of his post with accuracy, diligence, and punctuality. Chambers died on the 3rd September, 1862, aged seventy-three. It is a matter of regret that of all the stories he related of Lamb these alone are now remembered, and for the first time written down by their hearer. The circumstances under which they were told, the humor of Mr. Chambers, and the running commentary with which he always accompanied any allusion to Lamb are wanting to lend them the interest, vividness, and charm of their actual narration.

1. Lamb, at the solicitation of a city acquaintance, was induced to go to a public dinner, but stipulated that the latter was to see him safely home. When the banquet was over, Lamb reminded his friend of their agreement. "But where do you live?" asked the latter. "That's your affair," said Lamb, "you undertook to see me home, and I hold you to the bargain." His friend, not liking to leave Lamb to find his way alone, had no choice but to take a hackney coach, drive to Islington where he had a vague notion that Lamb resided, and trust to inquiry to discover his house. This he accomplished, but only after some hours had been thus spent, during which Lamb dryly and persistently refused to give the slightest clue or information in aid of his companion.

2. Lamb was one of the most punctual of men, although he never carried a watch. A friend observing the absence of this usual adjunct of a business man's attire, presented him with a new gold watch which he accepted and carried for one day only. A colleague asked Lamb what had become of it. "Pawned," was the reply. He had actually pawned the watch, finding it a useless encumbrance.

3. On one occasion Lamb arrived at the office at the usual hour, but omitted to sign the attendance-book. About midday he suddenly paused in his work and slapping his forehead as though illuminated by returning recollection, exclaimed loudly: "Lamb! Lamb! I have it;" and rushing

to the attendance-book interpolated his name.

4. On another occasion Lamb was observed to enter the office hastily and in an excited manner, assumed no doubt for the occasion, and to leave by an opposite door. He appeared no more that day. He stated the next morning, in explanation, that as he was passing through Leadenhall Market on his way to the office he accidentally trod on a butcher's heel. "I apologized," said Lamb, "to the butcher, but the latter retorted: 'Yes, but your excuses won't cure my broken heel, and — me,' said he, seizing his knife, 'I'll have it out of you.'" Lamb fled from the butcher and in dread of his pursuit dared not remain for the rest of the day at the India House. This story was accepted as a humorous excuse for taking a holiday without leave.

5. An unpopular head of a department came to Lamb one day and inquired, "Pray, Mr. Lamb, what are you about?" "Forty, next birthday," said Lamb. "I don't like your answer," said his chief. "Nor I your question," was Lamb's reply.

ALGERNON BLACK.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE FRENCH FLAG.

PARIS, March 11.

A COUPLE of months ago orders for French colors were given — one hundred and fifty-nine flags and one hundred and nineteen standards for the active army, and one hundred and forty-five flags for the territorial army; for since the Franco-German war the troops have only had temporary colors made of ordinary bunting instead of silk. The red, white, and blue will naturally remain, but the staff will be surmounted by a lance-head, a laurel wreath, and the letters R. F., standing for *République Française*; and the device will be "Country and Honor." The tricolor has the advantage of being the emblem of the Orleanists, Imperialists, and Republicans; but the Orleanist staff was surmounted by a cock, and that of the empire by an eagle, and the devices have also varied. The device adopted in the days of the First Revolution was, "Discipline and Obedience to the Law;" under Louis Philippe it was "Liberty and Public Order;" and under the empire, as now, "Country and Honor." It appears that the new colors are to be handed to the troops on the eighth of June, which, being Trinity Sunday, is a great holiday here;

and the *République Française* proposes that upon this occasion the officers of the army should take the oath of fidelity to the Republic. It is therefore probable that we shall witness here next June a ceremony like that of the Federation held on the Champ de Mars on the first anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, when Louis XVI. accepted the tricolor on the altar of the country, Monsignor de Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, officiating. On the same Champ de Mars, fifteen years afterwards — December 5, 1805 — there was a grand distribution of eagles by Napoleon.

The question of the flag has on several occasions been a serious one. Not to go back to the cowl of St. Martin in the fifth nor to the oriflamme of the seventh century, I may remind you that in the days of Louis XIV. the marshals who held high command, like those of the army corps to-day, had for their emblem the white flag. The king, jealous of the power of these officers, deprived them of their emblem, and adopted it himself. Hence the white flag became definitively the standard of the monarchy. After the First Empire the white flag was naturally restored, but it was never popular; and so great was the irritation of the court when Béranger published his "*Vieux Drapeau*" that the songster was prosecuted and sent to prison for nine months. In the following lines he had ventured to foretell the reappearance of the tricolor: —

Leipsic hath seen our eagles fall,
Drunk with renown, worn out with glory;
But with the emblem of old Gaul
Crowning our standards, we'll recall
The brightest days of Valmy's story.

And Béranger had hardly regained his freedom when Charles X. was driven from Paris, and the tricolor was once more unfurled "with the emblem of old Gaul," or the cock, to crown it. The short and spirited proclamation drawn up by M. Thiers on behalf of Louis Philippe, and placarded through Paris, ran thus: "Charles X. cannot return to Paris; he has caused the blood of the people to flow. The Republic would expose us to fearful divisions, and would get us into trouble with Europe. The Duke of Orleans is a prince devoted to the cause of the Revolution. The Duke of Orleans never fought against us. The Duke of Orleans was at Jemmapes. The Duke of Orleans carried the tricolor under fire; the Duke of Orleans can alone carry it again; we will have no one else. The Duke of Orleans

has accepted the Charter. It is for the French people to offer him the crown." In 1848 the flag question gave rise to a very animated debate in the Republican Chamber, in consequence of the adoption of the red flag having been proposed. In the end it was determined to stick to the tricolor, but to change the device to "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality." Under the Second Empire the eagles naturally returned; and it may be remembered that nothing told more against Marshal Bazaine on his trial than the fact of his not having destroyed his colors before capitulating at Metz. In 1873 the flag question once more assumed great importance; and it is probable that Henri V. might now be sitting on the throne of France had he not insisted on the restoration of the white flag. It is curious to remark that during the time the tricolor was absent from France—that is to say, from 1815 to 1830—it floated in India, where it was adopted by the king of Lahore, Runjeet Singh, whose troops were being organized by General Allard. A great many illustrious

generals have written in high-flowing terms of the flag, which, according to Marshal Saxe, was more than an emblem—was a religion. Napoleon declared that where the flag was France was; but in a celebrated order of the day he wrote: "On the principle that the flag is France, soldiers get married by the corporal; this scandal must be put a stop to." I may add a word with regard to the captured flags which used to be hung in the Cathedral, and hung so thickly by some commanders that Marshal Luxemburg was nicknamed the upholsterer of Notre Dame. The trophies were afterwards removed to the Invalides, where they were all burned by Marshal Serrurier in 1814, lest they should fall into the hands of the Allies. In 1851, at the funeral of Marshal Sebastiani, two hundred and thirty-four more flags were accidentally burned. Among the trophies which were rescued on that occasion was a union-jack, captured on board an English brig in 1813; eight pashas' tails, taken in Egypt by General Bonaparte; and a few other interesting relics.

LORD AUGUSTUS LOFTUS has recently forwarded to the Foreign Office, from St. Petersburg, a translation of a Russian letter from Cabul, descriptive of the journey of General Stoletoff's mission from Samarcand, which supplies some notes of interest respecting the country traversed. The road selected for reaching the Oxus was through Huzar, Shirabad, and Chushkogosar, which was traversed in five days. On this route the mission passed through the famous defile known in ancient times under the name of the "Iron Gates," and now called Burghasse Khana. The mission crossed the Oxus in very primitive boats, and marching by night, passed over a sandy arid steppe, and next morning reached Kurshiak settlement, situated in a cultivated country. They made three stages before reaching Mizar and Sheriff, where great crowds thronged the streets, and gazed with curiosity on the people from the distant north. After leaving Tashurgan, the party reached the spurs of the Hindu Kush, and journeyed to Cabul during twenty days. Ascending at first in gentle slopes, the Hindu Kush gradually rises higher and higher, forming, amidst its frequent passes, terraces of increasing height. After traversing a series of such terraces, the mission reached the elevated Barian Valley (8,500 feet), near which are the Kalu and Great Tran Passes (13,000 feet). Passing the famous Bamian idols, chiselled on the face of the rock, they emerged from the last-named pass, and then descended from the Ugly Pass into the Cabul Darya Valley, at a place three days' journey from the capital of Afghanistan.

THE January number of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* contains a paper, entitled "Our Mission to the Afghans," which furnishes much matter of present interest regarding Afghanistan and the manners and customs of the people. This is followed by an article on the rediscovery and discovery of Africa. From the "Notes of the Month" we learn that Bishop Crowther, of the Niger mission, is about to form a new station at Shonga, eighty miles higher up the Kworra than Egan, the present furthest station, and that an important journey has been made by a native agent at Asaba into a country hitherto unvisited, lying between the Niger and Yoruba. We are also informed that the Rev. G. M. Gordon has gone to Quetta with General Biddulph, and hopes to be able to penetrate into the interior of Afghanistan.

In the *Colonies and India* we find a note respecting the employment of sheep as beasts of burden. In eastern Turkistan and Thibet, for instance, borax is borne on the backs of sheep over the mountains to Leh, Kangra, and Rampur on the Sutlej. Borax is found at Rudok, in Changthan, of such excellent quality that only twenty-five per cent. is lost in the process of refining. The Rudok borax is carried on sheep to Rampur, which travel at the rate of two miles a day; but, notwithstanding the superior quality and the demand for it in Europe, the expenses attending its transport seriously hamper the trade, which, but for the sheep, would hardly exist at all.